

# AMERICA

## A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—The Democratic campaign ended in New York with mass meetings in Brooklyn and Manhattan, at which the principal speakers were Governor Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith. On November 1, Newton D. Baker and Senator Glass had broadcast the party's answer to Mr. Hoover's attacks on it, the former dealing with the tariff and the latter with the operations of the Treasury. Senator Glass was answered the same evening by Secretary Mills. At the end of October, Governor Roosevelt, following in the footsteps of Mr. Smith, had made a short trip into New England which carried him as far as Maine, and the highlight of which was his speech at Boston.—The Republicans exerted their full pressure up to the very end. In his next to the last week-end expedition, President Hoover spoke at Indianapolis, attacking Mr. Roosevelt's various speeches, and in particular his stand on the bonus and the tariff. Returning by way of Washington, he went to Newark, where he spoke, and at a great meeting at Madison Square Garden in New York again delivered a slashing attack upon Roosevelt's proposals. Secretaries Mills, Stimson, and others were also active. In all of these speeches, they stressed the "danger" to the "American system" if

Roosevelt were elected. Alarmed by reports from California, the President spoke from the White House by radio and then decided to go to Palo Alto to vote. He left on November 3, and spoke at Springfield, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., and St. Paul, with twenty-eight back-platform appearances.—The final results of the *Literary Digest* poll showed 1,715,789 for Roosevelt and 1,150,398 for Hoover. The outstanding fact of the poll was that 638,250, or 37.19 per cent of Roosevelt's entire vote, voted Republican in 1928, while only 70,793 of Hoover's total vote, or 6.15 per cent, voted Democratic.

**Bolivia.**—On October 28, infuriated Bolivians compelled Congress to close its sessions while the new Cabinet was trying to elucidate its policy in the conflict with Paraguay. At the main plaza the crowd demanded President Salamanca. When the President appeared on a balcony of the presidential palace he told the throng that the recent Bolivian reverses in the disputed Chaco region had no significance and assured his hearers that Bolivia would compel Paraguay to respect Bolivia's territorial integrity regardless of the propaganda Paraguay was conducting throughout the world.

On October 29, a communiqué from the general staff announced that Paraguayan troops had attacked the Bolivian fort of Agua Rica but were repulsed after ten hours of hard fighting and counter-attacks. The communiqué praised the Fiftieth Infantry Regiment for its conduct during the fighting. There were reports that the Paraguayan troops had in their recent attacks encountered numerous casualties. Despite these losses it was reported from unofficial sources on November 1 that Paraguay was again concentrating numerous troops estimated at 10,000, in a determined effort to take Fort Agua Rica.—It was announced on November 1 that General Hans Kundt of Germany had been invited to Bolivia in a military capacity and not to arbitrate peace with Paraguay, as was previously reported.

**Brazil.**—The decree naming a commission to draft a new constitution for Brazil was officially issued on October 27. The commission will consist of thirty-one members, representing many phases of Brazilian life and including internationally known figures such as Ambassador Assis Brazil, and the well known Cabinet Ministers Mello Franco, Jose Americo, and Olwaldo Aranha.

The steamship *Pedro I*, Brazil's floating prison, which had been anchored in Rio de Janeiro Bay, sailed away on November 1 with seventy-five military and civilian leaders of the unsuccessful Paulista revolt.

#### Banishment of Rebels

Seven Generals were aboard, including Bertholdo Klinger and Isidoro Dias Lopez. The civilian passengers included prominent figures of the old regime directly implicated in the recent civil war, including Francisco Morato, president of the Paulista Democratic party, and Senhor Villaboim, the right-hand man of former President Washington Luiz. The ship's destination was not revealed, but one report was that the ship was headed for Brazil's penal colony off Pernambuco. Another report said that passports had been given the prisoners for deportation.

**Chile.**—Former-President Arturo Alessandri was elected President of Chile on October 30. Final official figures gave him 152,867 votes. His nearest competitor, Colonel

#### Election of President

Marmaduke Grove, the Socialist with a strong nationalist platform, received 57,793 votes. Hector Rodriguez de la Sotta, ran third with 39,140 votes. Enrique Zanartu, the semi-Socialist, was fourth with 34,984 votes. Elias Laferte, Communist, was a poor fifth with only 4,248 votes. On October 31, Colonel Grove and Eugenio Matte Hurtado, who headed the Socialist revolution that controlled Chile for a brief week during the Summer, were welcomed back from exile. Colonel Grove on his arrival at Santiago, was warmly greeted by some 30,000 admirers. He told them that he intended to continue the revolutionary activities commenced in June to further the triumph of the working classes.—On October 29, it was reported that the Chilean Government contemplated the taking over of the nation's entire wheat crop in the next harvest. The Government hoped in this way to insure an ample supply of bread for the people.

**Ecuador.**—The triumph of the Liberal candidate for President, Juan de Dios Martinez Mera, seemed assured, according to reports received from Guayaquil on November 1. The returns not yet fully

#### Election of President

complete showed that the Liberal candidate had received 17,000 of the 23,000 votes cast in the elections of October 30. The election of Señor Mera continued the unbroken rule of the Liberals for thirty years and placed a resident of the coastal region in the Presidency. Charges of fraud in the election of Señor Mera brought by the defeated candidates resulted in the appointment of a Congressional investigating commission on November 2.

**France.**—The visit of Premier Herriot to Spain was claimed to be without any political significance. The desire of the French Republic to greet the new Spanish Republic, and the act of conferring the insignia of the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor upon the Spanish President was the announced purpose.—M. Julien

#### Herriot Visits Spain

Durand, Minister of Commerce, addressing the Federation of French Industrialists and Merchants, bitterly attacked those nations which practise excessive protectionism while dumping their surplus on the world markets. He was for giving up the quota system in favor of tariff-reciprocity treaties. This was interpreted as an attack on the American system of increasing tariffs as sponsored by President Hoover in his campaign speeches.

**Germany.**—Following the general belief that he and his Cabinet would remain in power because of the failure of the Nazis to score a decisive victory. Chancellor von

#### Commissariat in Prussia

Papen set about strengthening his hold on Prussia. The conference of President von Hindenburg with the Chancellor and Premier Braun had failed to produce a working policy, though both parties accepted the Supreme Court decision justifying the appointment of a federal commissioner, and were hopeful of a successful accord in subsequent meetings. Immediately the Chancellor announced administrative reforms in the Prussian Cabinet, combining the Ministry of Trade with those of Economics and Labor, and distributing public welfare to Education, Labor, and the Interior. This decree was resented and challenged by the Prussian Cabinet. The Chancellor then appointed a complete commission government for Prussia, naming Franz Bracht, Minister of Interior, with the added office of Federal Commissioner; Johannes Popitz, Finance Minister; Baron von Braun, Minister of Agriculture; Friedrich Ernst, Minister of Economics and Labor; Wilhelm Kaehler, Minister of Instruction; Heinrich Holscher, Minister of Justice. He further announced that both Bracht and Popitz would be members of the Reich Cabinet without portfolio. In a public statement President von Hindenburg declared full confidence in his Chancellor.

Severe rioting between the Communists and the National Socialists were reported from Hamburg where several were killed and scores injured in street fighting.

#### Riots in Hamburg

From the reports it would seem that the Communists were the aggressors. While sporadic outbursts were reported, there was less fighting and brawling than in former election campaigns.—Dr. Schnee, the distinguished charter member of the People's party, resigned from that organization and began working for a coalition government, confident that he could induce the Nazis to accept their share of responsibility and office after the elections. It was well known that he opposed "the artificial elimination of the Reichstag" by constant dissolutions and new elections.

**Great Britain.**—The massing of the unemployed in London to protest against the means test, by which receivers of the dole would have to prove their lack of other support, resulted in three successive serious clashes with the police. On October 27, a mass meeting was held in Hyde Park, where speeches were made and where widespread fighting occurred, in which sixty-two unemployed

#### London Riots



and spectators and three policemen were injured. On October 30, the hunger marchers again massed in Trafalgar Square and listened to speeches from Communists. An attempt to rush Buckingham Palace, residence of the King, was repelled after serious fighting with the police. Again there were many injured. On November 1, the army of marchers made their final demonstration in the streets and squares surrounding the House of Parliament. Their purpose was to force their way into the House of Commons to present a petition, and for three hours violent fighting took place between the crowd, greatly augmented by London's unemployed, and the police. By November 2, however, the movement had reached its peak and many hundreds were already returning to their homes. During all these disorders, the demonstrators were entirely handled by the London police, the army never once being called to assist. No one was killed, but ninety-three civilians and thirty-two policemen were hurt during the troubles.

In Lancashire, the negotiations in the cotton-spinning plants finally broke down, and on October 31, a majority of the spinning mills were closed through a strike, rendering 200,000 workers idle. No compromise was in sight. The strike was precipitated by the refusal of a few groups of employers and laborers to get together.—— Meanwhile, the temper of the country was shown by the results of the municipal elections throughout the country in 300 towns and cities. There was a decided drift to the left, the Laborites gaining thirteen seats in all.

**Hungary.**—Royal Tyler, Commissioner to Hungary for the League of Nations, in his report for the third quarter of the year, declared that financial conditions were in a worse condition than ever, with agricultural prices decreasing, industrial prices rising, and the State deficit rapidly increasing. The foreign debt was placed at \$250,000,000.

**Italy.**—The tenth anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome was celebrated on October 28 with great enthusiasm. Premier Mussolini took an active part in all the ceremonies that made up the colorful program. The Rome-Viterbo railroad was dedicated and a grand review of 15,000 veterans was staged along the newly dedicated "Highway of the Hills" connecting the Piazza Venezia with the Colosseum.

**Japan.**—Strict secrecy was being maintained regarding the contents of the Japanese Government's new instructions to Admiral Nagano, its naval delegate to Geneva. The newspaper *Jiji Shimpō*, usually well informed on naval affairs, reported on October 28 that the navy's attitude would call for an eventual compromise on tonnage reduction, but that a determined effort would be made to obtain a better ratio in large cruisers than the London Conference accorded.

Secretary Henry L. Stimson's reference in his recent Pittsburgh speech to non-recognition of the fruits of aggression, drew comment from Tokyo's Foreign Office spokesman on October 27. The spokesman said that the references in Mr. Stimson's speech to alleged Japanese aggression in Manchuria were implied accusations against Japan, "that had lost their sting through frequent reiteration."

**Manchukuo.**—On November 2, it was reported that two of the sharpest battles in the recent Manchurian campaign were fought along the Tsitsihar-Koshan Railway.

These battles, which took place on October 31, indicated that the revolt against the Japanese and the new State of Manchukuo had spread to the East, and had involved thousands of fresh troops. According to reports coming from military leaders at Harbin the Chinese casualties had exceeded a thousand. The Japanese losses were placed at thirty-three killed and forty-four wounded.

**Mexico.**—The National Revolutionary party, dominant in Mexico, held its convention at Aguas Calientes. The principal issue discussed was that of the non-reelection of Presidents and State Governors. In view of political gossip to the effect that Calles was planning a return to the Government, the convention upset predictions when it voted in principle to accept a plank forbidding the reelection to the Presidency or the State Governorship of any person who had ever served in the office. It will be recalled that when Obregon was reelected, the old principle of "no reelection" was interpreted to mean forbidding successive terms.——The Birth-Control law of the State of Vera Cruz was passed on October 31. Prospective parents must submit to inquiry as to the size of family, ability to provide and educate, and condition of health.

**Nicaragua.**—On October 29 it was reported that sixty persons had been killed when 100 insurgents ambushed a Nicaraguan National Guard patrol of thirty-eight men fifteen miles north of Chichigalpa. The patrol fought its way out of the ambush after a fierce combat lasting five hours. The patrol was reported to have lost twelve men, including Lieutenant Sotomayor. The total among the rebels' loss was estimated at fifty. The rebels were led by the chieftain Umanzor, known as one of their most daring commanders.

**Rumania.**—The rumors of a reconciliation between King Carol and Princess Helen were put at rest by an official communiqué announcing that the Princess had come merely for the birthday celebration and would leave in a few days for Florence. Her demands were considered by the Government and a settlement reached. Princess Helen can, after giving due notice, return to Rumania.

Reaction to  
Stimson's  
Speech

More  
Battles

Strike;  
Labor  
Gains

Financial  
Crisis

Fascist  
Anniversary

Naval  
Policy

Political  
Events

Guard Patrol  
Defeats  
Insurgents

Reconciliation  
Failure

when she desires; and Prince Michael will be free to spend one month of vacation in Switzerland with her each year.

**Russia.**—Relations between Soviet Russia and Japan continued apparently to improve. Some of this improvement was ascribed to the aid and shelter given by the Soviet authorities in Manchuria to the Japanese nationals at various points on the Chinese Eastern railway, cut off by the rising of Chinese railway guards. A more favorable attitude appeared to the offer by the Japanese Premier Saito towards the negotiation of a treaty of non-aggression between Japan and Russia.

**Spain.**—On Sunday, October 30, Premier Herriot of France, accepting an invitation from Spain, made an official visit which was described as a "gesture of friendship." The university students would not believe that it was purely social, as rumors had spread that an *entente cordiale* was being formed. The Law students went on a strike and excited youths filled the streets of Madrid crying "Death to Herriot" and "Down with War." Premier Herriot was unaware of the demonstration.

**Disarmament.**—At a speech on October 8, Premier Herriot of France outlined a six-point plan of disarmament which received, in the adoption of a motion, the support of 430 Deputies against 20. The plan was generally looked upon as France's reply to President Hoover's proposal of a one-third arms' reduction. The Premier gave the following points as conditions of France's agreement to a general reduction of all home land forces to a short term of service: (1) that all formations differing from this army organization, such as the German Reichswehr, be dissolved and that home police forces shall be established according to rule; (2) that international control shall be established so as to include the obligatory right of investigation; (3) to complete the Locarno treaty, treaties of mutual regional assistance shall be concluded in such fashion that every European nation may take part, and that an international police force should be established; (4) that the United States should grant guarantees of security which she herself has envisaged; (5) that League members shall engage to fulfil all obligations of Article XVI of the League Covenant; (6) that arbitration shall be obligatory for all States adhering to the treaty.

The plan was explained in detail to Norman H. Davis and J. Theodore Marriner, American representatives, on October 29. It was presumed that Mr. Davis informed the Premier that Washington did not yet see what any formal consultative treaty could give Europe more than the solemn assurances already made in the United States. The United States is already signatory to many treaties which involve consultation as an obligation; and both major party platforms have given their endorsement to the same principle. A later statement by M. Paul-Boncour

made clear that the French were proposing military agreements only among the Continental European countries. As between the United States and France the issue seemed to turn upon the question whether the United States would agree to arbitrate if the French should agree to reduce. The French were drawing the logical consequences of the Kellogg-Briand treaty which renounced war as an instrument of national policy and undertook never to embark upon an aggressive war. Germany would be given equal rights under the system. British comment upon the plan showed suspicion as to the abolition of professional armies; and opposition to the reaffirmation of Article XVI of the League Covenant. They approved, however, of the compulsory arbitration principle; and agreed with the French that there should be no rearmament by Germany; and that this should be definitively made known in reply to Germany's abstention from the arms conference. Instead of arms equality in the narrow sense, there should be a broad status of absolute equality for all nations. The French Radical-Socialist report on foreign affairs, made known on November 2, endorsed the Capper (American) proposal, which would prohibit shipments of arms to violators of international agreements, and trading with the same. The smaller nations, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, and Switzerland, which formed the new "Little Entente," pooling their disarmament interests, were favorable to the Herriot plan.

**League of Nations.**—The Assembly sessions over, a tough aftermath of studies and discussions was left for Geneva to glean. Expert committees in preparation for the world economic conference began their work on October 31. The disarmament conference's bureau resumed work. The League Council would meet between November 14 and 15 to consider the Lytton report on Manchuria. Meanwhile, the disarmament conference's general commission would resume work with the Hoover plan, the French plan, and the German equality demand as the main matters before it. The Mandates Commission of the League opened its session on November 3, to study the situation of Palestine, Syria and Iraq, and the Pacific Islands.

Next week the Editor will contribute an article in which some thoughts accumulated from the campaign will find utterance. It will be called, "Making the Layman Articulate."

Lawrence A. Fernsworth sends a paper from Spain with a clear picture of the latest developments: "A New Alignment in Spain."

John LaFarge will talk of farms and gardens, principally gardens. His article will be called "Can the Land Be a Refuge?"

"The Poor Relation among the Arts" will be a literary paper in which John Dineen will try to get at the puzzle that surrounds so-called "realistic" fiction.

Japanese  
Relations

Students  
Riot

Herriot's  
Proposal

Heavy  
Program

American and  
British  
Angles



# AMERICA

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### The London Riots

LATER dispatches confirm our fear, expressed last week, that the *London Times* was a trifle optimistic in its view of the pacific temper of the mobs marching upon London. Happily, up to the present time no loss of life has occurred, and no great damage to property has resulted, although for a few hours on several occasions conditions in the metropolis were exceedingly grave. If all is not quiet along the Thames at present, at least the movement appears to have lost much of its original menace.

No doubt, the Government, as well as Parliament, are asking themselves what is to be done next. One difficulty has been safely met, yet with a certain loss of prestige which invests the outcome of the next test with a tinge of doubt that disquiets the conservative. One must go back many years to encounter the spectacle of mobs rioting in London, with their mob leaders urging an attack on the residence of the sovereigns, and on the Houses of Parliament. The spectacle indeed makes us wonder if the world is not more topsy-turvy that we had suspected. The "wild hysterics of the Celt," chronicled by Tennyson, permits us to pass over riots in Paris with a shrug, while outbreaks in the war-torn capitals of Germany and Austria do not set editorial pens flying. But riots in London are as surprising as a prize fight in a sacristy.

It would be easy, however, to exaggerate their significance. Like the rest of the world, England is passing through a crisis, and in England the gallant attempts "to carry on as usual" which marked the policies maintained for ten years after the War, have perhaps made that crisis the more serious. England's traditional foes have been preaching her ruin these many years, with the wiser among them hoping that what they preached was untrue. Talleyrand, whose desire for the welfare of France was one of the very few genuine things in his life, saw no

gain for Europe in the downfall of Great Britain, and he has had many to follow him not only in France, but in Austria, and even in Germany. Great Britain will weather the present storm, and learning wisdom, will sail thereafter on a more even keel. The so-called "dole," which is really a form of insurance, will plague her rulers for many a year, but probably less, on the whole, than the wild-cat scheme of doles, disguised as one or other phase of a soldier bonus, will continue to plague our noble statesmen at Washington. Taxes are a heavy burden, but is there any country in the world where they are not? Unemployment, too, is a question that calls for a speedy conclusion, but in this respect also Great Britain is in no worse plight than Germany or the United States.

As we take stock of present conditions throughout the world, it cannot be said that the results are such as to fill us with cheer. Compared with what we had on hand five years ago and with what we knew we should soon receive, the inventory is short and meager. Within a few months, the *London Times* may return the compliment of our November journals with a leader on the riots in Washington, New York, and Chicago. That is possible, yet it is more probable that Chicago will hold her World's Fair next year, that in 1933 New York will again be in a turmoil of local political issues, and that visitors from the country will be escorted by the Washington guides who will bid them look up at the untouched Capitol and at the old flag that flies over it in quiet supremacy. We have not yet come to the end of the road, but we are quickly approaching the turn beyond which lies peace and prosperity. And we express that opinion in ignorance (being no prophets) of the results at the polls on November 8.

### The Child's Welfare

CATHOLIC apologists are occasionally so intent on showing the solicitude of the Catholic school for the intellectual and religious welfare of the pupil that the duty of the school to care for the child's health is minimized or forgotten. Yet it is clear that no educational scheme or system can be adequate unless it includes this care. To those of the elders, who since they grew to greatness under a Spartan regime, entertain some lurking fear that physical education and care for health somehow smack of a discredited pagan philosophy, we commend a perusal of the penny catechism and of the Encyclical of Pius XI on the Christian Education of Youth.

Primarily, of course, this duty devolves upon the parent. But in these days, for good reasons and for some not so good, the school undertakes to act *in loco parentis*, and fathers and mothers are apt to forget their obligations. His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, recently pointed out one of these obligations when, in a letter to the pastors of the diocese, he urged on all parents "the value and necessity of heeding the advance of the medical profession, and of availing themselves of the opportunities afforded by the Health Department to protect the lives of their children." And His Eminence, in a quotation from a letter written some

years ago, added the reason: "Children are a sacred and God-given trust. We must safeguard them against every danger, physical as well as moral."

The Cardinal's words are particularly timely, since there is reason to fear that in many families the privations of the day will soon begin to react unfavorably upon the health of the child. It can hardly be supposed that there is a single municipal health department in this country which will refuse to cooperate with any school in its desire to secure needed medical attention for the child whose parents are not able to pay the regular fees. In many dioceses, this cooperation has been secured, and it is to be hoped that within a short time it will be secured for all.

#### Another Oregon Case

ONCE more an attempt to impede the erection of Catholic schools has been turned back, and on this occasion the defender is the Supreme Court of Oregon. Two years ago, the City Council of Portland authorized the building of a school attached to the parish of All Saints, but withdrew the permission when certain individuals, owning property in the neighborhood, objected. Archbishop Howard then brought suit to compel the Council to give permission, and won the case. The city appealed, but lost when the Circuit Court was upheld.

In its opinion, the Supreme Court appears to consider the objections brought by the city as merely frivolous. The Court admitted that the school children would probably be somewhat noisy, "Children were ever so. They were so nearly two thousand years ago when a Man Who was not born in a mansion but in a manger, said 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'" Yet the children would be at play for only a few minutes, between the hours of 8.45 in the morning and 3.30 in the afternoon, and it did not appear to the Court that "the prattle and laughter and merry shouts of the children in a primary school" could constitute so grave a menace to the peace and quiet of the complainants that the school should be forbidden.

But the Court based its governing decision on grounds of grave import. Affirming the right of private ownership, the Court admitted that the right could not be used to impair the public health, peace, safety, or general welfare. Yet

The kind of school proposed to be erected will not interfere with the public health; it cannot affect the public peace; it surely will not endanger the public safety; and by all civilized peoples an educational institution whose curriculum complies with the State law, is considered an aid to the general welfare. These propositions cannot be successfully disputed. It is not a question alone of what monetary damage the plaintiff [the Archbishop of Oregon City] may sustain, but also a question of the invasion of one of the plaintiff's inherent rights.

The Court then lays bare the arbitrary character of the ordinance under which the City Council sought to justify itself. This ordinance, in effect, would have prevented the erection of a private school in any suitable part of the city, since a permit could be withheld by "the arbitrary power of the City Council."

Under the ordinance the plaintiff could not buy a tract of land in any residential district in the City of Portland, and know at the time of purchase whether a building for school purposes might be erected thereon. There are no specifications in the ordinance as to how or where a site for a school may be located prior to the action of the City Council. *Its location would be a matter entirely within the arbitrary power of the City Council, the City Planning Commission or fifty per cent of the property owners in a district of which the boundaries are arbitrarily fixed by the ordinance and that power might be exercised or not at the whim or caprice of these bodies.*

It is evident from these excerpts that the Supreme Court has decided a case of far-reaching application, in a manner that is wholly in keeping with the natural law, and with our most cherished political principles. The opinion is of compelling force, of course, only within the State of Oregon; it forms a precedent, however, of which other jurisdictions will take due notice, should the same issue be brought before them.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case brought before it in October, 1924, on appeal from the Oregon school law, is a barrier against those sweeping attacks upon parental rights in education which are in violation of the substantial guarantees of the Federal Constitution. It does not protect, however, against attacks of the type withstood by Archbishop Howard; attacks of a more dangerous nature, since they are apparently based on a desire to protect the public welfare. What part the traditional enemies of the Church, and of freedom of education, played in this campaign need not be sketched at length; but it will be sufficient to say that they did what they could to prevent the building of a school whose primary purpose is to teach little children those principles of Christian belief and of Christian morality upon which the preservation of good government depends.

What has been done in Oregon will be repeated in other States, doubtless, in an amended form. Our enemies are as eager to destroy our schools, the sole institutions of education in this country which teach the child to adore, revere, and praise Almighty God and His Divine Son, as we are to preserve them. It is clear, then, that as a defense of the rights of Catholic parents in education, the decision of the Supreme Court in Oregon yields in importance only to the decision rendered on June 1, 1925, by the Supreme Court of the United States.

#### The Nevada Moratorium

THERE are twenty-five banks in the State of Nevada, but the number of lawyers is generally withheld from the public. It is known, however, that they flourish exceedingly, particularly in the region of Reno, fertile in divorce. But if reports from the State are correct, it may be that these locusts will wake up in the morning to find that the field has been eaten to the last blade and leaf, leaving nothing for their sustenance but a bare tract of earth.

This unhappy prospect was created last week by the Lieutenant Governor, who announced by formal proclamation that all banks would begin a moratorium of two



weeks. In stricter form the proclamation was an invitation rather than an order; yet as twelve of the banks at once complied, and as others will probably follow their example, the effect of the proclamation was not seriously blunted. In Reno, three of the four banks closed their doors, thereby striking terror into the hearts of the divorce colony. According to the *New York Sun*, the moratorium will make quick and easy divorce impossible "unless they can borrow from the gambling houses which some of them patronize."

It is difficult to drop even one small tear over the present woes of the divorce colony, and the imminent sadness of the gambling houses. But it is to be hoped that the Lieutenant Governor's unique action will aid the workers in the State, on whom the economic depression has weighed heavily. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has granted small loans to a single bank in the State, and will be asked for further aid.

The moratorium will aid the banks, but may hobble the divorce seekers, and reduce the lawyers to the necessity of studying other treatises in addition to that on domestic relations. In view of these beneficent results, it is regrettable that the moratorium is limited to a period of two weeks.

#### Back to the Country

FOR the last thirty years migration from the country to the city has been a fact viewed with discomfort by economists and sociologists. The urban population surpassed the rural in 1920, for the first time in our history, and by 1924 the movement was in full swing. The first check has come within the last two years, not as a result, however, of a planned policy, but because of unemployment in the cities; hence what might have been a blessing has become a new source of disquiet. For the unemployed city man has quite commonly settled, as might be expected, upon land so poor that it would tax the ingenuity of the most experienced farmer, and in many cases, the migrants who have chanced upon good land know so little of agriculture that they are unable to work their holding profitably.

Writing in the *Country Gentleman*, H. R. O'Brien moralizes on the seriousness of the situation which has been created in the rural districts. Not a few of the migrants have already become public charges, and more will join them this winter, to put a still heavier burden upon already impoverished tax districts. In spite of this fact, several cities are still elaborating plans to send more of the unemployed back to the land, so that, in all probability, it will become impossible for the property-owning farmer to meet the taxation which will be necessary to provide for the needs of these hapless migrants. Should the refugees manage to hold on, and to make a bare living from their farms, they will soon create the subsistence type of farming to compete with farming for a profit. "The chances are," writes Mr. O'Brien, "that this subsistence farming will gradually crowd out profit farming."

As yet no State has studied this problem in any inten-

sive fashion. One of the most notable migrations occurred in Kentucky when, in 1930, thousands who had left the country for the mines or the factories, went back to the mountain counties to begin once more as farmers. In only a few instances have these groups been able to secure more than a lean subsistence. Unfortunately, nothing was done for them by the State, and in the poverty which overtook the counties, when the mines were closed and the trade in coal on which they had largely depended was reduced to a fraction of its former prosperity, little or no help could be given by the local authorities. Except for a study made by one of the departments of the State university, and for advice given by the county farm agents, the new farmers were left wholly to their own devices.

Under existing circumstances, the back-to-the-land movement holds out no alluring prospects. According to a report of the Department of Agriculture, the available supply of farm hands on July 1, 1932, was twice as large as the demand, and farm wages stood at the lowest point in thirty years. Since unemployment is as widespread in the country as in the cities, the man who loses his job in the city can hardly hope to find another on a farm. Even as an emergency measure the movement has failed to prove its value.

#### Distress in Puerto Rico

LAST year it was our sorrowful privilege to commend to the charity of our readers the survivors of the great storm in Belize, British Honduras. As always, the response to the appeal was immediate and gratifyingly generous, and this emboldens to present, even in these days, the needs of the sufferers in Puerto Rico.

Terrifying as a tropical storm certainly is, the most grisly terror comes after the storm has blown out to sea. For a time the survivors can do nothing but struggle for an existence, bury the dead, and make such shift as is possible to care for the sick and the injured. Only then do they begin to realize that the results of years of careful planning and hard labor have been swept away, and the realization all but destroys hope.

It is hard for us who have been spared these great cataclysms of nature to understand the great distress of the missionaries, most of them Americans, and of the people in Puerto Rico. They are now in need of the commonest necessities of life. The Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of San Juan, has been seeking contributions for the last few weeks, and through the generous cooperation of a steamship line has been able to forward to the island, free of charge, shipments of food and clothing. Despite his efforts, he has been able to minister only to the most distressing cases, and, as will be readily understood, unless aid quickly comes, the burden of suffering in Puerto Rico will become appalling.

Those who wish to cooperate with this most deserving charity can do so by addressing Bishop Byrne at 5200 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, or the Rev. Edwin Ryan, Roland Park Seminary, Baltimore.

## What Does De Valera Want?

DANIEL E. DORAN

**J**UST what is going on in the mathematical and dialectical mind of Eamon De Valera has for years been a source of concern to English statesmen, and has sometimes been a bit baffling even to Mr. De Valera's friends.

There is such a thing as being too logical, and it is not surprising, of course, that the English have considered him a most unreasonable man. Yet, step by step and year by year, they seem to be yielding to his reason.

Since February, 1932, concomitant with his return to power as head of the Fianna Fail Government, Mr. De Valera seems to have taken greater strides than ever toward making the English mind uncomfortable. As an unhappy English bootmaker, coming across on a trans-Atlantic liner with me, expressed it: "We don't seem to know exactly what he wants."

Now I was never surprised at any Englishman's lack of comprehension. This probably evens things up a bit, for it has been said that the English are never surprised at the lack of comprehension displayed by American bankers and statesmen, of which I am not one, but on whose judgment my humble destinies in a sense depend. But it was surprising, on my return to certain American cities where the Irish blood runs strong, to note just how many with real affection for Ireland were quite quizzical concerning the newer phases of the De Valera policy. They seemed to be as much at sea as was my English friend.

It does not, in my way of thinking, require an erudite, dialectical mind to understand the business that Mr. De Valera is about. Everyone knows that an economic war has broken out between Ireland and England as a result of the withholding of the land annuities. From the De Valera viewpoint, this economic war has implications more deep-seated and far-reaching than a mere passing phase.

What Mr. De Valera had set out to do, in his pre-meditated way, was to make Ireland economically self-sufficient. Toward this end, the Fianna Fail Government, on coming into power last February, had adopted a five-year plan. It may have been based, though I do not say it was, on the Russian five-year plan. In any event, it was designed particularly for Irish use, and its principal aim was to rescue the Irish people from a very unhappy position of economic dependence on England. And the most important result of the present trade warfare is that what was expected to be done in five years will now have to be done in one year. Over 30,000 people cheered Mr. De Valera to the echo when he so expressed himself in a notable speech in College Green, Dublin.

It appears that Mr. De Valera has his followers in a very happy state of mind. An Irishman, if you reduce his table fare by as much as two potatoes and two gooseberry tarts a week, is likely to raise a mighty stir, particularly if he decides that it is his own Government that is

responsible for this rationing. But if you prove to him that it is the English Government that he is getting back at by enforced dieting, it is probable that he will not only be contented, but will voluntarily give up another potato and two more gooseberry tarts, in which the Irish are like many other people.

As Mr. De Valera puts it, the policy of successive generations of English statesmen has been to reduce Ireland to be, on the one hand, a cattle ranch in order to supply the British markets with cheap food; and, on the other hand, a dumping ground for British goods. This has left Britain free, in times of crisis or strained relations, to refuse to accept Irish products and to cut off Irish supplies. Such a crisis is now faced. The most important exports of Ireland to England are represented by the cattle produce. When the British free-trade policy came into being with the repeal of the corn laws in 1846, the production of cereal crops on Irish farms became unprofitable. From that date tillage declined, while pasturage and the number of livestock increased rapidly. Emigration on a large scale has continued ever since, because the number of agricultural workers required for livestock in comparison with tillage is in the ratio of four to seven.

Against this enforced policy of devoting too much attention to the breeding of livestock, Mr. De Valera now trains his guns. In recent years, as he pointed out at College Green, Ireland has had to compete with relatively undeveloped ranch countries like Argentina. Soil that might have been used for agriculture was used for cattle raising, and the result had been that the population of Ireland had diminished to an extent that made her unique among the nations. While other countries developed, Ireland had seen her population cut in half, and even during the past eight or ten years she had lost 250,000 of her best people.

While emphasizing her efforts towards the raising of cattle, Ireland had likewise permitted herself to become a dumping ground for British goods. The people were importing in vast amounts finished products that should have been produced in Ireland for Irish consumption. So hand in hand with a reorientation of Irish agriculture must go a building up of Irish industries.

In 1926, as one small example, the number of men and women employed in the Irish boot, shoe, slipper, and clog trade was 1,825. Ireland that year imported 400,936 dozens of pairs of boots to a value of £1,792,394. With a consumption of about 5,000,000 pairs per annum, approximately only 500,000 were Irish made. Already, under the Fianna Fail regime, there has been a revival of interest in boot making. A Limerick firm with an output of 1,500 hides weekly, said to be the largest engaged in the leather trade in Ireland, has made plans for the establishment of a boot-manufacturing plant at Tralee. Drogheda is to have two new boot-and-shoe factories.



These are, of course, only straws in the wind, but they serve to show which way the wind is blowing—in the direction of economic self-sufficiency.

But it is not to be expected that every man, woman, and child in the Free State sees eye to eye with Mr. De Valera and the Fianna Fail policy. His opponents, represented by the displaced Cumann na nGaedheal party leaders and some of the organs of the old ascendancy, are active in denouncing it and ridiculing it as a "hairshirt" policy, which in the long run will mean disillusion and despair for the Irish people.

More than that, in public debate during the session of the Dail when the Government moved that the Ministry be entrusted with a sum of £2,000,000 to take such necessary steps as might be needed to meet the raising of a British tariff wall against Irish products, they denounced it as Communistic and designed to destroy Ireland not only economically but morally.

The dream of a self-sufficient Free State [declared the old imperialist organ, the *Irish Times*] is a vain thing. President De Valera and his supporters seem to regard the economic struggle as a thing desirable in itself. . . . Can they regard with utter equanimity a condition of affairs in which the Irish farmer will be left with his cattle, his eggs, his butter, and his bacon on his hands, and the inhabitants of the twenty-six counties will be forced to exist by taking in one another's washing?

Professor O'Sullivan, following the lead of his Cumann na nGaedheal leader, Mr. Cosgrave, in voicing the charges of Socialism and Communism professed to see the Government's action in seeking a £2,000,000 emergency fund as one in the direction of State control. He had no doubt, he said, that the Government believed it could combine the financial, social, and economic system of Russia with Christian principles, but the thing would be impossible. The system would be that of Russia and it would have the same results. It would mean not only the economic but the moral destruction of Ireland.

Inspired by Professor O'Sullivan's remarks, the *Cork Examiner* devoted a long editorial to an analysis of the alleged failure of the policy of Russia in respect to agriculture, drawing a parallel and uttering a warning:

The breakdown of the Communist and Bolshevik ideals in Russia is of peculiar interest at the moment in this country where there is an intensifying movement toward devising on paper five-year and other plans for the betterment of the Irish population. Communal ownership and control have definitely failed in Russia where the peasantry have always been used to dragooning. Is it likely to work in Ireland, where the individual sense is so strong?

The *United Irishman*, a weekly publication which has for its chief business the attack on the De Valera government, made much of a speech by Miss Louie Bennett, outgoing President of the National Trade Union Congress.

The national self-sufficiency theory [she declared] is old-fashioned—out of date. It is at the present moment enjoying a sporadic revival, inspired by the capitalistic classes. Modern civilization is essentially international in character and demands cooperation rather than competition among the nations. Economic self-sufficiency is a risky thing in the hands of a government, and we shall find it so in the Free State whether Fianna Fail sets up an independent Republic or remains within the British commonwealth. . . .

Thus it appears that in addition to training his guns on the British Government, Mr. De Valera must at the same time be prepared to defend himself and his party from the attacks of a considerable and powerful opposition within the country.

To these attacks, in his addresses to the people, he had replied with the philosophy that has earned for his policy the sobriquet of "hair shirt."

There is no need for panic [he advises]. The situation must be faced quietly. The best way to meet it is to practise the simple virtues, such as spending your money wisely. Money spent on necessities is far more beneficial to the community than money spent on luxuries or amusements. Pay your bills and meet your taxes. Keep down imports. The line of action we think best at the present time is less one of retaliation upon England than one of constructive effort on our part to build up a position that will make us strong in the future so that we will never have to bear a crisis like this again. If we bear it in that spirit the suffering and hardship we will have to undergo will be of lasting advantage to our country.

It is not of record that a hair shirt has ever before been used as a symbol of the struggle of a nation to be economically free. I do not even know that Mr. De Valera is pleased with it as such. But I do believe that there are a great many Americans who wish sincerely that Mr. Hoover, a few years ago, had called our attention to its virtue.

## Professor Don Quixote

JAMES WILLIAM FITZPATRICK

NOT long ago a Professor of Applied Psychology, playing hookey from his classroom, attended a luncheon of Plain People in the great industrial city hard by the university to whose existence the public utterances of the professor had from time to time called attention. He went not only to eat, because free meals are not easily spared these parlous days but, as is the habit of professors, to talk. So, in a moment of pleasant expansiveness whilst the post-prandial tripe was being served with the coffee, he broke the news of a great discovery he had just made: the emotion of fear was no longer being played upon by the writers of advertising copy. What his hearers did upon receiving this momentous bit of information was not related in the press account of the event. In fact the item just managed to get into print. Its failure to make the front page is a sad commentary on the perspicacity of telegraph editors and another proof that we are living in an age of gross materialism.

Ordinarily the speeches of university professors stuffed with food take rank with barrel mysteries, gangland murders, and love-nest slayings. It is a poor day on the wire when some spokesman of the Higher Education—usually from Teachers College, Columbia University—is not good for a column of hot stuff. In this instance the professor was in a bad spot. He did not hail from University Heights and was therefore only an ordinary publicity gate crasher. In addition to that deplorable fact there were unusual demands that day upon journalistic space.

It so happened that about the time the professor was breaking the glad tidings that the Brethren of the Gooseflesh were on their way out of the advertising business, a steam shovel crew over in New Jersey was unearthing a complete set of uppers and lowers belonging to a mastodon. To make matters worse Calvin Coolidge had contributed an oration to the Republican National Campaign Fund. Under these conditions it is perhaps explicable why the professorial announcement got boiled down to a "stick" and was buried among the obituary notices.

But it takes no great stretch of imagination to visualize what took place after the professor stood his egg upon the table. How that group of luncheoners must have leapt from their chairs when it dawned on them that a man could soon wear a soft collar and yet have a crack at the bank presidency; that dishpan hands were to be worn this winter without social reprisals; that headwaiters would notice customers no matter where they bought their suits; and, oh happy portent of a better day! it would be possible to be the life of the party even if one did not know the difference between a saxophone and a calabash pipe!

Surely there must have been born then and there a new Carmagnole, a spontaneously created dance in which the hysteric feet of whilom serfs of tooth-paste propaganda, mouth-wash fright, and toilet soap tyranny, stamped and pounded and capered in the mad ecstasy of an incredible liberation.

What a pageant that night! A thronging march of wage-earners in garterless socks and old-fashioned nightgowns. Platoons of brides and bridegrooms brandishing wedding gifts of antiquated, triple-plated knives and forks, fearless of what the neighbors would think of them. Torchlight brigades of solid citizenry truculently waving aloft tooth brushes stained with the deadly pink. Floats of plumbers smashing to flinders up-to-the-minute bathroom fixtures while squads of The Best People ran alongside cheering them on.

And the grand climax! Neronian bonfires, veritable auto-da-fes, of salesmen for smart mausoleums on-the-time-payment plan while to the tune of their agonized screams thousands of Guys On Their Last Legs bellowed a cacophonous chorus, "Now We Can Be Buried Any Way We Like."

What booted it to an emancipated nation who sat in the White House! The day was dawning when the letters B and O would again be identified exclusively with the name of a great railway system. Let the Japs swallow Manchuria in one gulp if it suited them. From Maine to California millions of unchained feeders would no longer chew ground potato skins, mouldy cornstalks, and pulverized culch of every sort and imagine themselves healthy. Let the whole world go off the Gold Standard. The land of the U. S. A. would once more resound with the merry laughter of little children who had been taken off the spinach standard.

And with news like the professor's to be spread through the power of the press the very best the telegraph editor could do was a "stick" amongst the obits! No wonder

the Fourth Estate has fallen from its proud position of influencing the masses. How were we to get anywhere when the work of pioneers of science like the Professor of Applied Psychology went so unnoticed? Were great discoveries of epochal truths to be manhandled so unmercifully? Asking myself these bitter questions I flung the offending sheet down in disgust and for a fortnight I never looked at a newspaper. I was on the verge of cancelling my subscription to the *Times* but stopped just in time. Strange to say, although unopened papers crammed the rural free-delivery mail box and I went without tidings of the outside world, the days passed.

Then because I was print hungry one night I salvaged from the neglected mass of reading matter a copy of one of our great weekly magazines. Its space rates, I am told, are fabulously high; its pages set the pace and settle the fashions in advertising; it is, in a word, to the world of writers of come-on copy what Patou and Poirer are to the couturiers. Here, if any place, would be found the proof of the professor's discovery. I shut my eyes and opened the copy blindly. There under my gaze was what I sought, companion picture and all.

The illustration showed a young man in checkerboard pants, sideburns, and a Prince Albert coat. He had his arms around a Dolly Varden maiden in a ruffled gown, long hair, and a floppy hat. Only the most prurient minded could characterize the action as an embrace and for once the caption was needed to make clear what the young man was doing. It ran, "In the Shadow of the Birches he KISSED HER." Certainly no element of fear so far. Just young Love, sweet and unspoiled, against a background in which a rowboat floated chastely on the bosom of a placid stream. I read on eagerly:

It was their first lovers' kiss. Even today she remembers it with the same glad thrill—He was leaving for the big city the next day, as he said, "To work for you"—And for fifty years they were married sweethearts.

Great! No Elinor Glyn in this, no base cigarette-ad sex appeal, no last-minute motion-picture clean-up. Courtship and marriage in the first four lines. My avid eyes raced on:

Now she is waiting to go to him again—over there—No one will ever know the many times she thanked the one who suggested a ——— Metal Coffin at the time he went Home. Especially when cold rains drench the earth and when bitter winds howl she finds deep comfort and peace of mind in the assurance that outside elements cannot enter its sacred precincts. ———Metal Coffins are made of rust-resisting metals. They are completely proof against water and C-R-U-M-B-L-I-N-G. Write today for our booklet, "My Duty."

In a fit of angry disappointment and bitter disillusionment I jerked the spectacles from my nose and in doing so snapped the bows off at the lenses. It was a painful, expensive, but fitting punishment for my gullibility in swallowing the discovery of any professor of Applied Psychology.

Reformation among the writers of advertising copy forsooth! No more frightening the unwilling customers, no more blackmail of timorous buyers, indeed. Instead of being better, things were worse. Bad enough to threaten people with social damnation if they failed to patronize



smart cemeteries or purchase swanky sarcophagi. But to make the rainy, winter nights of widows miserable by putting into their minds what goes on in the bowels of the earth was unspeakable. It was fright with a capital F and the emotion of fear with the loud pedal pushed down. I bemoaned the breakage of the spectacles but after all some good had come of it. I could read no more that night and must perforce go to bed betimes.

The following morning I walked two miles into the neighboring village to visit the local optician's shop. The proprietor is an old, old-fashioned man but he knows his business and tends to it strictly when he is not engaged discussing world issues with interested listeners like myself. His shop is as old-fashioned as he and the contents of his show window are always the same; an ancient hourglass, a dusty microscope, and a jumble of opera glasses mounted in mother-of-pearl. I liked to look at it because it stood as an adamant example of advertising conservatism and from force of habit I looked at it as I was about to enter the shop. Even to my myopic

vision there was a change and I pressed my nose against the glass to see what it was.

Elevated on a little platform was a miniature papier-maché windmill and riding against it full tilt, armored cap-a-pie, was a tiny cardboard knight. Underneath was a sign:

"Cervantes' celebrated character, Don Quixote, aged and HANDICAPPED by failing eyesight attacks a windmill believing it to be an enemy knight. MORAL: Have your eyes examined NOW. Prices drastically reduced. Our latest white, rolled gold bows and nosepieces cut in half."

I put the broken glasses in my hand back into my pocket and started to walk the two miles home again gloomily. But as I walked, the pleasant countryside in all its gorgeous panoply of autumnal coloring chased away the gloom. And as I walked a great discovery came to me who know nothing of Applied Psychology. It was that Don Quixote and the professor suffered from the same disease. They saw something that just did not exist.

## Buckfast in Oklahoma

FRANCIS C. KELLEY

THE public and the press of England have had a real thrill and say so. A Benedictine abbey, that of Buckfast, destroyed four centuries ago, has in part at least played the phoenix and is risen from its ashes. A persistent abbot searched the ground for the stones of the ancient Cistercian foundation and has built upon them. But the wonder that drew enthusiastic comment from the English press is not over the fact that Buckfast abbey has been rebuilt. It is because of the way the rebuilding was done.

The new abbey was raised stone on stone by the monks themselves. It took them twenty-five years to do it, but in August, 1932, it was done, and Cardinal Bourne of Westminster, as Special Papal Legate, consecrated the monastery church free of every incumbrance. At the ceremony the foreman-mason, Brother Peter, in surplice instead of his accustomed blue overalls, was the miter-bearer to the Cardinal Legate. Brother Hilarion, his first assistant, was the book-bearer to the consecrating prelate. Next day both were in overalls again putting finishing touches on the building. No wonder that the *Manchester Guardian* said: "A handful of monks have built themselves an abbey. That in these days has something incredible about it." The *London Morning Post* added: "Which must be admired more—the noble pile the community has raised, or the faith and the will which wrought it? Here indeed is a church that has been built a sermon in stone." So crowds went to Buckfast for the great day. Airplanes carried photographers and scattered flowers. The reporters flocked to the killing. There was joy and surprise over the resurrection of Buckfast.

I hate to intrude with a story that goes the monks of Buckfast one better—an Oklahoma story. "Where's Oklahoma?" Did I hear that question from over the

water? If I did not, I surely shall. Oklahoma, my brother, is in the Southwest of these United States. Less than fifty years ago it was a prairie reservation for Indians, and the red dust clouds arose from it, under a blistering sun, from the thousands of feet of stampeding buffalo. Its scrub-oak forests and parched plains were the refuge of coyotes and wolves. That was in my memory and I am not so old. Who dares say in these days that one is not still young at sixty—plus? But thirty-nine years ago Oklahoma ceased to be the last refuge of the red man. It was thrown open to settlement. Now it is a State in the process of making and therefore a State that has had to do strange, if not sometimes amusing, things to get notice. One of the strange but not amusing things that Oklahoma has just done is to cry out to Buckfast across the surging seas and say: "Me, too."

But Oklahoma had no ruined abbeys to rebuild? True. It is scarcely old enough to show a few ruined log cabins. Oklahoma is short on history. Her traditions are easily remembered. Her native sons and daughters are few and the few still young. Oklahoma's task is not to restore the buried glories of the past but to make for itself modest new ones. Oklahoma looks ahead from the discouraging hill of the present and has no towering mountains to give that hill a gorgeous background.

The Church in Oklahoma can claim little more of a past than the State. True, Juan de Padilla, first martyr of America, was here once, passing through with Coronado on his search for the mystic Quivira; but he did not leave even the mark of his sandals on the red soil. A handful of Basque Benedictines built an abbey of wood and became missionaries, indeed even before the white settlers came. A Belgian missionary Bishop and a few

of his priestly countrymen followed. But Catholics did not come in numbers as they did to other pioneer parts of our land. Only a few are here now, in fact less than two per cent of the whole population.

Not much hope there for an achievement to rival that of the glorious monks of Buckfast.

Wait a moment.

Did you ever by remote chance hear of Henryetta? Not the Queen-Consort of Charles II, but a town in Oklahoma. No? Then I shall proceed to tell you about Henryetta. It is situated in the eastern part of the State, about a hundred miles from the Capital, as you go toward Arkansas and the Ozarks. It is not a pretty town, though situated in an attractive valley. Mining towns are rarely pretty and Henryetta is a mining town. But its mines are scarcely worked any more. The discovery of oil in the Southwest closed most of them. But the miners of Henryetta are still there, because they cannot very well get out. Oklahoma is a State of great distances and travel costs money. Money is just what the miners of Henryetta "ain't got." So they stay. How many of them eat would be another story. Most of them do not eat with any regularity.

About twenty years ago, a young Belgian priest went to Henryetta by order of the then Bishop. His name was Caudron. He had a bundle of vibrating nerves through his spare body, a devouring zeal, and a tongue that never took a vacation. But no Trappist ever had so supreme a contempt for the luxuries of life as did this little bit of a man who had even to learn how to speak English—and a few other tongues, for the miners of Henryetta were cosmopolitan, to say the least. Father Caudron's job was not to find the stones of a buried foundation upon which to build everything, but to go out and get the stones lying around and make a foundation for everything.

He started by begging a few dollars from the Extension Society and got busy. A frame shack would do for a church and a one-story cottage for himself. But nothing like that for the children! Literally on nothing he put up two brick school buildings. The angels may know how he did that, but as the angels do not tell and Father Caudron cannot be quiet long enough to do so, it is probable that mortal man will never know. This alone is certain, that Father Caudron did put up the two school buildings and paid for them. He probably does not know himself how he did it, or if he once knew, he has forgotten all about it. For Father Caudron is one of that small group of folks on this earth who never look back. There is so much work within sight ahead.

He had to build a church, as the old frame shack was crowded, and for that he began to save. When he had a few thousand dollars there was a crash. The bank failed. He started afresh. The bank failed again. And then down upon Henryetta and the whole world fell the dark cloud of the depression. The mines that oil had not closed the depression finished, and most of Father Caudron's people were out of their poor jobs. Many were hungrier than ever. But the schools Father Caudron had

built did not close. He did not go into debt. How he managed no mortal man but he himself knows. He had an end to keep up and he never let go.

Then he had a happy thought. Why not make the depression a bit cheerful by putting it to work? His people wanted jobs, any kind of jobs that would tide them over till regular work started again. Father Caudron could beg a dollar here and a dollar there from those who could give it, but donations large enough to justify signing contracts with builders were out of the question. With the stray dollars he could at least give food. His slogan now became: "Let's build the church ourselves."

He had brick which he had purchased at a bargain sale. He had a bit of land at the foot of one of the hills that he knew could be relied upon for sand and gravel. He had a people who could do pretty nearly anything as well as mine coal. The idea of building their own church was fascinating. Some experts taught the natives what to do and the building began to rise. Father Caudron was the busiest man in the State, beating the depression for his flock. He kept on hunting the dollars and paid them out as he got them. The people donated days of labor to help the experts when there were not enough of the dollars to go around. Operations slowed up sometimes but never stopped. The church grew slowly but it grew. The brick was laid and the roof went on. But alas, now there are no more dollars and the miners cannot plaster, do fancy woodwork, make glass, or carve in stone. They would "take a shot at it," however—if they could eat. But without the dollars they cannot do that. Father Caudron is bowed but not subdued. A man who can overcome the discouragement of two bank failures and a depression to boot is immune to the discouragement microbe. He says that he will finish that church or bust. But, poor unseeing man, he was busted years ago and never knew it!

It's quite all right, my English brothers, "quite all right, you know," to shout over the resurrection of Buckfast Abbey and shower flowers from the air down on that restored glory of the days of England's faith. God love you, for you do well. But what have you to say about Father Caudron of Henryetta, Okla.? Buckfast's monks had twenty-five years to do their job. It was little enough for such a job. Father Caudron had no twenty-five years. Buckfast's monks were on the job with nothing else to do but say their prayers. Father Caudron had to say his prayers, too, run his school, attend both the spiritual and temporal ends of a poor but populous parish, and beg, beg, beg. He had no Brother Peter and no Brother Hilarion. He had to put on the blue overalls himself. Life for him was a matter of quick changes from surplice to denim and back again all through the day, and his nights were too short for much sleep. True, he did not have to rise for the midnight office, but it was an off day when he was not saying his office at midnight; only he had not yet gone to bed, and the teachers in the school had to have their Communion at six.

Some day the church at Henryetta will be dedicated, perhaps consecrated, but there will be no Cardinal Legate



to do the work. I shall do it myself, please God. Who? I, myself. Sorry, but I forgot to tell you that I am Father Caudron's Bishop. In fact, I am the Bishop of the whole State—Bishop of 69,000 square miles of Oklahoma's red soil—Bishop of more than half the area of Italy. I shall, again please God, be there with a few surpliced priests to bless the church the miners built. I shall also bless Father Caudron, that is, if I can catch him. He'll

be here, there, and everywhere that day, an open cassock flying after him and before him a torrent of orders, appeals, and welcomes. I told you that he can talk. Well, that day I'll let him talk. I won't interrupt him. I'll sit down humbly and take his bossing, for if ever a man deserves a chance to boss his Bishop, Father Caudron will deserve it on the day that shows how devotion and zeal can be transmogrified into brick and mortar.

## The Church Prays at Our Dying

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, S. J.

**W**HEN November comes we think much of death: of the death of those who have gone before; of our own death which is hourly drawing on apace.

To each of us, death is a solemn fact—and it should be. To some it is a terrifying fact—as it should not be. For death is going home. The days of our sojourning away from the visible presence of our Father are then over, and His summons to leave this world of pilgrimaging is His loving message that He wants us home with Him—and that, too, for eternity. Sin alone can make this summons dreadful; for, indeed, "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." But if I really love Him, and really try to serve Him—even though I do not serve Him as best I may—I know His love, and His call is sweet—to come back home.

All this is in keeping with the Liturgy of the Church, and so we turn to her, our Mother, as she talks to her children at their dying.

It is a distinct loss to our spiritual lives that so few of us know the "Prayers for the Dying." If we have ever heard them, it was only at the bedside of our loved ones when the cry of our hearts quite drowned out the words of the priest. Yet the intensely consoling beauty of the prayers make them preeminent amid all the wealth of the Church's exquisite Liturgy.

With all a mother's tenderness, she first calls on all the saints to pray for her child who is soon to leave her. Our Lord is begged to "deliver him" from all harm, and to win this grace He is reminded of mystery after mystery of His mortal life. Then follows the full, deep pathos of her parting prayers as she bids her child go back to God:

Go forth, Christian soul, out of this world, in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, who was poured out upon thee; in the name of the glorious and holy Mother of God, the Virgin Mary; in the name of the Angels, Archangels; in the name of Thrones, Dominations; in the name of Powers and Principalities; in the name of Cherubim and Seraphim; in the name of the Patriarchs and Prophets; in the name of the holy Apostles and Evangelists; in the name of the holy Martyrs and Confessors; in the name of the holy Monks and Hermits; in the name of the holy Virgins and of all the saints of God; let thy place be in peace this day, and let thy abode be in holy Sion: Through the same Christ our Lord, Amen.

Merciful God! Gracious God! who, according to the multitude of Thy mercies, blottest out the sins of the penitent and through

the pardon of forgiveness remittest the guilt of past offences, mercifully regard this Thy servant and, as he implores Thee, hearken to his cry for the forgiveness of all his sins, which he confesses freely from his heart. Renew, O most loving Father! whatsoever hath been corrupted in him through the frailty of human nature, or outraged through the deceits of the devil; and join him to the unity of the body of the Church as a member that has been redeemed. Pity, Lord, his sighs! Pity his tears, and since he has no hope but in Thy mercy, admit him to the sacrament of reconciliation.

No least word of terror, no conjuring up of horrible image; but a mother's final message as she speeds another one of her children back to Father's home. And then, as she looks beyond and catches once more the vision of the Heavenly Jerusalem, she draws a picture that from sheer poignancy grips our very being:

As, therefore, thy soul goes forth from thy body—

May the glittering band of the Angels meet thee;

May the council of the Apostles who are to judge thee, receive thee;

May the triumphant army of white-robed martyrs come out to welcome thee;

May the white-robed host of radiant confessors encircle thee;

May the choir of exulting Virgins receive thee;

May the embrace of a blessed repose in the bosom of the Patriarchs enfold thee.

A glorious troop, indeed, but there is one there to whom she may well confide her child, one whose love has been taught him from his earliest years.

May the holy Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, turn her eyes graciously upon thee.

Our earthly mother calls to our Heavenly Mother, a mother to a mother speaking. And then beyond the glorious army of the saved, beyond even our own Blessed Mother, holy Mother Church sees her Spouse, the Man-God—and in her love for Him and for this His child and hers, she cries out:

May Jesus Christ appear to thee with a gentle and happy (*festivus*) countenance and give thee a place among those who are to stand before Him forever.

*Mitis atque festivus aspectus!* One cannot easily translate that phrase. *Festivus* is a holiday countenance, the countenance of one to whom the day is one of rejoicing and merry-making. And Mother Church knowing her Spouse—God "who loveth souls"—prays that the joy of this holiday, when another weary pilgrim comes home, may show itself in the very face of Christ when He comes to give His welcome.

If she does speak of the punishments for sin and of the tortures of those that are lost, it is but to brush them aside:

Mayest thou never know whatever is terrifying in darkness, is calling madly in the flames, or racked with torments. May foulest Satan with his followers give way before thee; at thy approach, encircled by Angels, may he tremble and flee away into the vast chaos of eternal night. May God arise, and put thy enemies to flight. May all who hate Him fly before His face; let them vanish like smoke; or as wax before the fire, so let sinners perish in the sight of God.

No wonder we call her our Mother! No mother ever spoke with like tenderness or like encouragement. It is all the story of God's mercy, of His love, of His "holiday countenance" awaiting us.

As a tender mother would soothe a sick child with dreams and visions that would cheer and hearten him, nor even once do aught to frighten, so with that Mother who has closed the eyes of countless children down the long centuries. It is to his Father that he goes; it is to his own Creator:

We commend to Thee, O Lord! the soul of this Thy servant, and beseech Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, Redeemer of the world! that Thou wilt not refuse to admit to the bosom of the Patriarchs the soul for which in Thy mercy Thou didst come upon earth. Recognize, O Lord, Thy creature, created not by strange gods, but by Thee, who alone art true and living God. . . . Make his soul happy in Thy presence and remember not his former sins and excesses which violence or the heat of passion stirred up.

Yes, he has sinned as the children of fallen Adam always have sinned, but:

Though he has sinned, yet he has not denied the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, but he has believed; and he has had zeal for God, and has faithfully adored God who made all things.

Thus she prays, calling and calling again on God's mercy and on His love. She begs our Lord to place her child "amid the ever-smiling greens of Paradise." She asks the Good Shepherd to "recognize His sheep," and prays that "standing by ever in person, he may gaze upon unveiled Truth with joy-filled eyes." As God saved Henoah and Elias, Noah and Abraham, Job and Lot, Moses and Daniel, Susanna and David, and Peter and Paul, and Thecla, so, naming them each in turn, she prays: "deliver, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant." Ever is it of hope she speaks and of deliverance; always of joy after this vale of sorrows; always of rest after life's fitful fever.

Space forbids lengthier quoting, but an ending may fittingly be made with the final prayer of the Church, her last words into the ear of her dying child:

May the most kind Virgin, Mother of God, Mary, most dutiful comforter of those on whom grief lies, confide the soul of this servant to her Son that, through a mother's intercession, he may not fear the terrors of death, but, with her as his companion, may he joyfully enter the longed-for home of his Heavenly fatherland.

Thus as death comes nearest, into our Mother Mary's hand (*ex comite*) she places the hand of her dying child, for a mother can best trust a mother. And there the parting comes—with our Mother Mary holding my hand just at the threshold of home.

## Back of Business

AMERICAN agriculture is the most important of the key industries. One-fourth of the population are engaged on the farms. Another third of all the people in this country are busy supplying the farmer with all sorts of goods, be they tractors, tools, or binder twine. And this farmer is facing possibly the gravest problem with which he was ever confronted. The crushing burden of taxation and miserable prices all but eliminates farm ownership. To save the farmer, more consideration and protection are demanded. I believe he has had too much of both, and needs less.

The farm is an economic enterprise. As such it is subject to the only existing law of profitability: that the supply consider the demand. This demand lies, for the American farmer, abroad as much as at home. Let us study the figures on wheat. Between 1913 and 1929, the wheat acreage declined in Europe 800,000 hectares; and increased in Russia 700,000 hectares, increased in U. S. A. 5,700,000 hectares, increased in Canada 6,200,000 hectares, increased in Australia 2,600,000 hectares, increased in Argentine 3,100,000 hectares.

The plight of the farmer dates back more than a decade, and this production increase had much to do with it. Responsible for it were, to a good extent, the tremendous exports from the United States of agricultural machinery as well as of loans for agricultural investment. Annual stocks of wheat more than doubled since 1929.

Obviously, such accumulated production could be absorbed only by a growing demand. However, annual consumption per head of population between 1913 and 1929 remained stable in Europe at 130 kilos, declined in the United States 22 kilos, in Canada 100 kilos, in Australia 14 kilos, in Argentine 22 kilos.

The problem for the farmer, then, was simple. He had to discover new markets, cultivate new demands, open fresh outlets. Industry did it, and is doing it all the time. The automobile, electrical, copper, paper, the railroads, the zinc, the rayon, the aluminum, and many other industries, have done it.

What has the farmer done to discover new markets? Nothing! He has insisted on production, and nothing else. He has been forgetful of the all-important principle of demand. To him has happened what is the fate of any economic branch which stubbornly holds to the ways of the past. Marketing, merchandising, consumers' research, stimulating advertising are, to the average farmer, sealed books. He has a production monopoly, and it has to be broken at all costs if his plight is to be remedied, if he is to be helped in an economically sound way. Instead, we are giving him tariffs and protection, concessions and considerations. They do not and cannot help him in the long run because all he gains is a period of grace till such time that he has to solve his own economic problems in his own way, willingly or not.

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD.



## Sociology

### Unemployment versus Machinery

B. HOLMES

WITH the numerous reasons assigned for the millions out of work in this country, more and more attention is being paid to the significant part played by the modern Frankenstein's monster of industry, machinery. In an article early last year the *London Spectator*, speaking of the effect of new inventions and machinery on the labor question, emphasized the fact that but for recent new mechanical inventions, at least half a million more men would have been employed in England to produce the goods manufactured in 1929. Statistics for that year indicated that instead of a larger number of men being required, half a million fewer workers were employed as a result of the introduction of machinery. The writer of the article was forced to the conclusion that if the substitution of machines for workmen continued at the same rate, the unemployment question would inevitably become more serious in proportion to the number of new inventions.

At first it was hoped, and even confidently expected, that the many new industries galvanized into life by machinery, together with the business thus created, would largely counterbalance the greatly reduced number of workers in the older industries. But due allowance had not been made for the increase in population, or for the significant fact that in many cases one machine would replace the work of a hundred men. As against this important feature of the unemployment situation, it has been asserted that machinery has not decreased the actual number of wage earners per thousand of population in the United States, an assertion apparently based on the admitted fact that machinery has helped to create many new industrial activities. In view of the opposing opinions and contentions held in respect to the modern Frankenstein's monster, and its effects on industry, it may be interesting to take a brief review of the facts, and the progress of machinery.

The year 1771 ushered in an invention destined to revolutionize all countries and ultimately change the face of civilization. The tremendous industrial spurt which followed the introduction of the steam engine, patented by Watts in 1769, came at first as an unqualified boon to humanity. As the result of this discovery, a fly wheel was used to turn the spindles which manufactured cotton, wool, and other fabrics. With the cost of the production of textiles so greatly reduced, and the consequent cheapening of commodities, the increased demand afforded employment to large numbers of men and women. Money circulated freely. From small hamlets, one-time insignificant little towns in Lancashire blossomed into big cities. Men left their agricultural pursuits to work in factories.

Apparently the early misgivings of the spinners, weavers, and other textile workers were groundless. At first their resentment at the introduction of the steam

engine led them to attempt to destroy the machinery, in futile efforts to stay the progress of invention which would substitute machine power for manual labor. The lower price of materials, which placed them within the reach of those who previously could not afford to purchase, afforded such a stimulus to trade and the general prosperity of the country, that the malcontents withdrew their opposition.

As time went on, however, and machinery began to take the place of men, not only in the textile industries but in every conceivable department of business life, the bright outlook assumed a different and more threatening aspect. Men living in country districts, who previously had been well able to provide for themselves and their families, herded into the big cities, and factory labor threatened to swallow up the rural population. In England, Manchester was invaded by an army of 200,000 farm hands, while in 1846 Massachusetts was recruiting girls from every part of New England to meet the factory demands. The products of nature no longer sufficed to insure food, clothing, and shelter for the worker. Money alone could be tendered in payment for the necessities of life. The independence of the farmer was lost in the imperative need to secure a weekly wage to provide for the extra cost of living in cities. Agricultural pursuits no longer attracted the ambitious.

But if machinery reduced the independence and self-sufficiency of the countryman, later it proved an equally potent disintegrant for the town dweller. When the linotype came on the market in 1887, the hand compositor lost his job. Within fifteen years of the invention of the linotype, approximately 7,500 machines were sold in the United States, thus throwing out of work thousands of wage earners. This evil, however, was largely mitigated by the enormous stimulus imparted to the printing trade, and the benefit conferred on publishers. Some of the hand compositors became linotype operators, and the increased output of printed matter provided employment for many more. But far different was the case with other industries, where the wage earner was confronted with the Frankenstein's monster of commerce.

Machinery reduced the demand for factory helpers and in nearly every undertaking men were discharged to give place to machines. In the glass-blowing industry, 4,000 machinists supplanted 9,000 men. The disparity between the greater volume of business and the number of discharged employees was entirely out of proportion to the augmented volume of business. While business increased, employment decreased. Before many years had passed, and as new inventions were successively placed on the market, a great discrepancy was manifested between the number of jobless workmen and the demand for their services, until at the present time the disparity is one of the main fundamental factors of the unemployment problem. The modern Frankenstein's monster has supplemented the work of millions of wage earners.

The figures published by the United States Government show that while the quantity of manufactured goods in this country rose to 58.5, in the ten years from 1919

to 1929, there was a marked decrease in the number of factory workers. The 16.5 per cent growth in population during those years increased the disparity, while the extra labor on the market was not absorbed by the larger number of industries. Among these may be classed the automobile trade, those of radios, telephone, electric lighting, airplanes, and other comparatively recent inventions, dependent on mechanical contrivances for their maintenance.

Much stress has been laid on the fact that new channels of activity have been opened up for workers no longer required in old industries: the installers and operators of telephones, electric lights, telegraph and elevator operators, typists, locomotive engineers, and all engaged in the installation, operating, and repairing of machines. That these new avocations did not absorb the workers rendered superfluous by machinery is proved by the present three essential factors in the case; overproduction, the concentration of the wealth of the country into hands of a few, and the large number of unabsorbed foreigners admitted into the United States and not placed into industrial activity.

It has been computed that at the present time there are about 149 men in this country with incomes running into millions a year, and of this number three combined capitalists can completely control the money market. This accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few, to be tied up or released at the pleasure of the holders, constitutes the danger of a congestion, a diversion of the normal circulation of currency, a more serious menace than that of the modern Frankenstein's monster. Even the higher wages paid in 1929 did not offset the smaller number of workmen in demand, and since with the invention of every new machine the lesser number of operatives is required, the paradoxical situation is presented that with the aggregate wealth of the country greater than ever before, the ratio of the unemployed has seriously increased.

Senator Couzens, of Michigan, has emphatically declared that jobless men are not free men, and that there can be no freedom where no choice exists. He holds that the fact that the working man has no alternative but to accept such wage as may be offered, is the outcome of a vicious policy which permits the few to exploit the many. Given the power to obstruct the circulation of the nation's wealth, an uneven balance is maintained between production and purchasing power. President Hoover has asserted that it is not for the government of the country to provide for the unemployed, whose welfare he considers should be relegated to the cities where they reside and to charitable organizations.

But if this is a just contention, then the wage earner should no longer apathetically permit the election of men to responsible positions who have not the good of the community at heart. Politicians should give place to patriots, ready to uphold the great fundamental principle of democracy as being, not only in principle but in fact, a government "of the people, for the people, by the people."

## Education

### The Newest Play

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

A ZEALOUS teacher of high-school English, who would suggest "The Site of a University" for a class theme, would find on reading over the submitted papers of his embryonic Newmans that the Cardinal's famous elaboration of the same subject was deficient. The big-business side of educating thousands of city and out-of-town students is demanding the skyscraper effect of campus. Again, the same high-school writers would hardly fail to add that striking, if not architecturally artistic, feature that is dotting many an American site of a university with the rapidity, and frequently with the appearance, and sadly with the monetary suspicion of oil gushers in a newly discovered petroleum field. The young writers would be describing, somewhat verbosely, the dominating towers of electric light whose purpose is to illuminate the collegiate gridiron for night games. It is the newest financial play, the young writers might add, in the big-business game of intercollegiate football. In illustration they might quote the following statement from the signed article of a certain metropolitan sports writer: "Simply, and without any beating about the bush, the university athletic authorities hope that the night games will make the turnstiles click a little more often."

Thus emboldened, the sophisticated young writers might continue somewhat as follows: intercollegiate football is not unlike any other big business. Invest a half million or million dollars, your own or borrowed money; erect a huge, modern apartment or office building. Then you must rent all the space or go bankrupt. And this immediately, because in a large city, say New York, Chicago, or Philadelphia, the life of such a structure is limited to twenty or thirty years. Consequently you must advertise, and somehow rouse a keen desire within the proper people for space in your building. If there is a new medium of advertising, use it. There are expert publicity psychologists, who will handle the details for you.

Somewhat similarly, intercollegiate football has invested thousands in huge, modern stadia. Their renting facilities are limited to six or seven big games a year. Now the public must fill the stands on these occasions, otherwise the overhead and interest due on the capital spell a certain pauper's oath. Moreover, the life period of intercollegiate stadia may be tenuous, though at the present writing, despite Carnegie and other reports, there is no immediate danger from puritanical reformers. But you must advertise; you must have good teams, all modern facilities. Here enters night football at least for the smaller teams, which labor and groan under the terrible American handicap of being "small" in collegiate numbers though large, perhaps, in stadium space. It is a serious matter.

The late coach Rockne, according to a press dispatch, was quite as blunt as the previously quoted sports writer



in declaring that night football was a trick of the "small" college to swell its gate receipts. However, when one calmly reflects on present-day intercollegiate athletics as a whole, why is night football not as academic as night basketball, or, if its day ever comes (pardon the paradox) as night baseball? Isn't it all for the benefit of the people, for whom collegiate institutions exist? Such, at least, is the claim.

Night football, then, will draw more people than day football. The initial outlay of electrification will be considerable, but the financial returns will be increased a hundred fold.

I am untutored in financial science, but the argument seems unanswerable from a monetary point of view. My difficulty is more fundamental. It is concerned with the very supposition of placing intercollegiate athletics in the field of big business. I can not clearly see in my own mind, though I have striven hard to see it, why my future Alma Mater "not founded for gain," as its legal charter reads, should engage in one of the largest examples of "big business" at the expense of its primary purpose, scholarship for all its students. And I have been wondering how many can see it clearly.

Of course, the sporting public wants the contests and the same public pays handsomely for the contests. There you have the law of supply and demand. The big business of football is, consequently, an evident necessity. The argument runs smoothly enough, provided that you grant its supposition, viz., that educational institutions are founded to amuse the public "at the expense of its primary purpose, scholarship for all its students." Granting that there may be a scholar here and there among intercollegiate football players, the facts are plain that he is such despite his unnatural status during the season of football.

The plainer facts are that he is a most rare bird. When not flying a thousand miles to play an inter-sectional contest, he may manage his tired and bruised body in such a manner as to attend the prescribed number of classes, and his signal-burdened and gallery-distracted soul, as to take notes during the hour of lecture, and to nod over them at night after a seven-to-nine "skull-practice," or after actual night scrimmage, held to harden him to playing in a downpour of electric light. But he is in an unnatural state, a mere *modus vivendi* for a student, and this in a day of expert educational I.Q.'s, of entrance, psychological, aptitude, placement tests and measurements, of graduate and research schools of education, of highly endowed foundations of learning, all tending to remove scientifically the least hindrance to the millennium of universal knowledge and scholarship! How long he can survive is problematical.

Would you be surprised, Mr. Teacher, if the same young writers, in a lapse of memory, were to change your prescribed title, "The Site of a University," to "The Academic Farce of Football"? In turn, as a prudent censor of the school's literary magazine and dreading youthful platitudes, you would have the title run, "The Newest Play in Football."

## Without Scrip or Staff

IF Mr. Edison was an atheist when he lived, that is just too bad for Thomas Alva Edison now that he is out of life. If he was an iconoclast, if he was godless and an unbeliever, the "Wizard of Menlo Park" has now faced new facts and drawn unexpected deductions and arrived at conclusions which are certain beyond a peradventure of doubt. Atheist Associations and Associates, including the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism and and and, have tried their utmost to prove that he was atheistical, if not an atheist, agnostic if not godless, unbelieving if not positively anti-religious. To the contrary, is the memoir contributed by John F. O'Hagan in the October 26 issue of the *Commonweal*. The great inventor was sympathetic to religion, even to Catholicism. He is reported as asserting: "Remember, I have set aside five years to study religion." And again: "I will invite the leading scholars of the various denominations here, and devote five years to the study of things religious. Many of the most logical minds through the ages have been religious."

Except to Thomas Alva Edison, the question is purely academic. It would be edifying and consoling to charitable souls if the great inventor were religious, Christian and Catholic, at least in spirit. But it should unbalance no one's faith if he were irreligious, agnostic, or atheistic. God does not stand or fall on the word of the "wizard." If the railroad newsboy, if the telegrapher and the mechanic, if the inventor of the phonograph and the megaphone, the incandescent lamp and the kinetoscope, and more than 1,000 more wonders, if the manufacturer of paraphenylenediamine, believed and said that there was no God, what of it? Because he makes a little circle of light that looks like the full moon, he cannot be quoted as the final authority on moonography. If he digs out an amazing natural law from innumerable such laws, he is not thereby constituted the infallible authority on the Source of that law. Because Mr. Edison reproduced human voices on disks, he secured no right to arbitrate on the question of a Divine voice, speaking in an immaterial medium. Mr. Edison was a scientist, an inventor, a benefactor of the human race. His words neither create nor destroy God.

SPEAKING in the name of all simple-minded, pious Catholics, it is again edifying and consoling to relate that the great American physicist, the great observer into the nature of cosmic rays, the genius who first isolated the electron, Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, pronounces that there is a God. The cynical Catholic, looking dreamily out and out into the cosmic rays, whispers: "Does it matter a dime, except to God and Dr. Millikan, what Dr. Millikan says on the subject of God?"

A few weeks ago, en route from the observation of cosmic rays in North Dakota to the observation of cosmic rays in Northern Manitoba, Dr. Millikan rejoiced

the hearts of the simple folk of Winnipeg by giving assurance that science has not destroyed religion. Younger scientists, he asserted, are better Christians than older scientists. He himself, so the news notes, is "the possessor of a virile Christian faith." So much the better for Dr. Millikan, so much the better for the younger scientists; but does that make Christianity more certain?

He is, the citation of the Roosevelt Memorial Association declares in awarding him the three-inch-in-diameter-gold-medal on October 28, "a prophet of the new time, bearing to bewildered men, alike from atom and from star, news of the presence and goodness of God." The prophet, according to the story, "in his address accepting the medal, gave his famous assertion about God the form: 'There is something going on in outer space which is sending messages to us that anybody can verify.'" If Dr. Millikan says that there is some kind of a God, there is not, for that reason, necessarily some kind of a God. If he says there is no kind of a God, it does not follow that there is no kind of a God. Dr. Millikan is a scientist, not a final, not any authority on religion. His observations on religion have as much authority as his observations on religion have. If he believes in God, so much the better for him, as an individual. If one wishes to know about God, one should consult the representative of God on earth, the Pope.

A POMPOUS book it seems to be, that entitled "Has Science Discovered God? A Symposium of Modern Scientific Opinion." Science cannot discover God; it can, at best, only confirm our inner belief in God and the revelation received about God. It would seem that the scientists have discovered Something. But, as Father Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., notes in the title of his review of the book in the current issue of the *Quarterly Review of Biology*, "God Means Anything Today." Any strange Something is not God; and scientists only find Something, as Dr. Millikan did.

The reviewer states:

It lies [the context shows that he does not mean the book lies, but the difficulty of a theologian in reviewing it] in the underlying, and everywhere apparent, supposition that science—in the sense of physical science—can prove the existence of God. . . . Physical science, as physical science, is as powerless to discover God as a test tube to discover gratitude.

More so, and then some more. But why should science be expected to discover God? Science is only expected to give an argument, and there are many other stronger arguments, confirming God's existence; science can only explain God's handiwork and exalt God's manifestations of infinite power. The opinions of Edison, Millikan, Thompson, Eddington, Einstein, Huxley, Darwin, Newton, Faraday, Maxwell, and the innumerable others are merely opinions and personal convictions. They are not dogmas. Take science from scientists and religion from the Pope. But beware of the kind of science you accept.

WHEN Mr. Chesterton, in a famous debate, attached asses' ears to Mr. Darrow, he had a cold in the head. It was a felicitous infirmity. From a rear seat,

the Anchorite could not tell whether Mr. Chesterton spoke of Mr. Darrow or Mr. Narrow. However that might be, Mr. Darrow was less 'n arrogant at the end. Now Mr. Darrow knows less about God than do the scientists. He knows less than a Chinese Methodist, or, more properly, a Methodist Chinaman. He knows less than a kindergarten Catholic, a little, baby tot that repeats the first answer in the catechism. Yet, Mr. Darrow says there is no God and American men and women believe him. Somewhere, somehow, Mr. Darrow picked up the idea that God was a superstition, a bit of flummery, a relic of some hypocritical or ignorant age or other, and the idea stuck. He has been lecturing the world about it ever since.

Not long ago, there was an announcement, a breathtaking bit of news. Mr. Darrow was reported to have joined a church, universal or unitarian or something. It was consoling and edifying news to religious-minded people, the sort that pray for the conversion of Mr. Mencken. If Mr. Darrow turned to God, accepted God, believed in God, then God was. As if it made any difference to anybody, except to Mr. Darrow and his chances with the God Omnipotent. And, as the turning to God of Mr. Darrow, who talks about God and religion in a sour, addle-pated way, was of no importance, except to Mr. Darrow, so his denial of the turning was unimportant, except to Mr. Darrow's chance of mercy from God. "I have had no change of my attitude about religion and religious views," he asserted in a letter to the Associated Press. The Anchorite may be mistaken, but he rather thinks that all of Mr. Darrow's knowledge of religion may be summed up in two dogmas: first, all miracles are fakes; second, the whale never swallowed Jonah. The Pope is a better religious guide than Mr. Darrow.

ON Saturday, October 29, seven silver medals were awarded for heroism, intelligence and loyalty. Ming Toy, of Baltimore, was one of the recipients. She bit two children and was condemned to death; but then her great chance came, and she saved seventeen dogs in a fire. The New York Anti-Vivisectionist Society forgot the bites of the children and tied a silver medal around Ming Toy's neck, while that lady barked her thanks rapturously. On the same occasion, prizes were awarded to the successful contestants in the prize essay contest on "How We Can Make This World a Better Place for Animals to Live In." The Anchorite confesses to a tremendous love for dogs; but dogs is dogs; they become extremely unhappy when they are treated like human beings. The Anti-Vivisectionists are as disgustful to true dog lovers among men as they are to true dogs.

Pity the beast, but preserve it from the mummies who would make it a sissy. Pity the bear, but do not create an uproar such as that which broke forth in fury at the annual meeting in New York of the National Association of Audubon Societies a few days before the dog-medal awards. The newspaper reported a "most serious disturbance, accompanied by shouts, challenges, threats, and a frantic pounding of the chairman's gavel for order."



And the issue: it was to have Admiralty Island, Alaska, "set aside as a sanctuary for brown bears."

With these sterling examples of what animal lovers will do for their loves, the Anchoret is emboldened to make a plea to the ladies and gentlemen for the poor flea. According to the Manchester *Guardian*, "Lord Rothschild yesterday told the British Association that many million billions of British fleas would have to be collected to find two absolutely alike. . . . Each flea is a separate creation, unique, an individual, with qualities of distinction." A flea is as important in its own way as the dog or the bear it inhabits. It would show appreciation of this wonderful animal if the Anti-Vivisectionists would announce as the topic for the next prize essay: "How This World May be Made a Happier Paradise for Fleas." And the Audubon Societies could then set about, without too much clamor, to find a suitable sanctuary for the Common Flea.

ACCORDING to late dispatches from John Bunyan, "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been delayed. Therefore, the Anchoret could not go back into the garden, as he said he might last week, could not join the unemployed, was not snuffed out of existence, did not get his balloon trip. But the Pilgrim is on his way back to the Celestial City and the Castle Beautiful and the Delectable Mountain. A telegram announced that the Pilgrim escaped safely with his scrip and staff from the City of Destruction. He reports that Bunyan was wrong about the Evangelist showing him the way. As for Mr. Worldly Wiseman, the Pilgrim says that he found him a rather agreeable person, but rather to be suspected in many ways. The Lions, he continued, growled ferociously but he took some splinters out of their toes and they did not eat very much of him. He found the sledding hard in the Slough of Despond, and lost his way two or three times in the Valley of the Shadow. A letter from the Pilgrim indignantly denies that he imitated John Bunyan in following the tinker's trade; he denies emphatically, also, that he supported himself, like Bunyan, in making shoe laces. In conclusion, he admits that his return was delayed because he just could not pull himself away from the hot frank stands and pineapple drink parlors in the Town of Vanity. The Anchoret evaporateth. Behold, the Pilgrim cometh.

THE ANCHORET.

#### TROTH

Lord, Lord!  
When love is dead,  
I shall no more belong to life  
Than last year's lilies of the field  
And yesterday's drained hours;  
I shall have fled  
As little winds across the bosom of the sea;  
And only You shall know  
That ever there was I;  
And I shall be  
Yours, even then,  
As I was when You only  
Knew, and I lived only in Your thought of me.  
R. F. GRADY, S.J.

#### Literature

### On Pearl Fishing

RICHARD CONLIN

IN regard to those writers, would-be or otherwise, who have, for whatever reason, grown cynical about the whole business of authorship in "these days," I must confess to but a very impatient sympathy. They have adopted a pessimistic viewpoint which bodes no good for their own possible success in the future. Since they are not content to weep in secret but must play the apostle of gloom for others, they are considerably discouraging to those whom they condescendingly term "aspiring writers" of short stories, novels, dramas, essays. Having labeled the ultimate masterpiece of fiction, which they bemoan as not only difficult but practically impossible of achievement, much less of editorial recognition, as "the pearl of great price," they proceed to explain that modern magazine editors could not recognize it if they saw it, and would refuse to print it if they did.

Many of their arguments are true as far as they go, but they do not go far beneath superficiality; and with an utter disregard for logic and an overweening assurance that their reasoning is sound, they draw unwarranted conclusions which are little more than a wail about the futility of it all. They sound like disappointed artists trying to console themselves for not being able to share the pay checks of other artists who have prostituted their literary ideals to commercial formulas of realism or romanticism.

Not long ago, it was an article by a rather frequent contributor to AMERICA who seemed to be convinced that Catholic writers, at least, might as well abandon the entire field of writing, saving only the polemical, to those who are not trammelled by Christian philosophy and Catholic morality. A close analysis of this discouraging and discouraged tract revealed a gross flaw in a perfectly logical and well-developed concatenation of argument from a purely presumptive first proposition; which assumed premise the ordinary reader would fail to distinguish, without the aid of an interpreter. And recently, it is another commentator who is harassed by an obsession that the markets for short stories are closed to all but a limited group of writers content to follow a "romanticist formula" or to descend to the bottoms of the realism swamps.

In one paper he admits that editors are willing and eager to receive the work of new authors, young or old; but, he begs us to agree, what do they accept? The same sort of stereotyped stories which they consider the reading public prefers; and there is nothing of real art in them, at all. Think of it! Someone else has adopted the formula of the day, and has turned out merely another romantic tale, with just the right dash of melodrama and realistic background; whereas, one must infer, his own artistic and uncompromising efforts have been rejected. Later, the same writer declares the markets are closed to aspiring young artists unless they follow the

"line-of-least-resistance" method, in vogue among more reactionary magazine editors and the compilers of anthologies, which is the uninspired method of submerging character in background that is painfully real to the smallest detail. What are aspiring writers going to do in the face of that dilemma? he demands. He ends with a lilliputian leap to the conclusion that the short story is an impossible medium, and advises the "aspiring" to write novels.

Practically every one of his statements is partly false, for all that they are in part true. The market for short stories is certainly not closed to aspiring writers who are enthusiastic enough and sufficiently modest in their opinion of their efforts to persevere in their endeavors in spite of the first, the second, or the thirteenth rejection slip. The supersensitive and easily bruised might as well give up writing. The art of writing is won by persistent and at times gruelling personal work; and technique—which is the manner of treatment employed in the arrangement and development of the subject matter, best suited to the author's view of the subject matter, and the effect which he wishes to obtain, and which also includes the reflection of the individual writer's character and mood—is practically synonymous with the art of writing.

Technique is a great deal more than "mysterious, quick-silvery sort of thing which can be grasped only by him who feels impelled to use it." The gentleman was especially obfuscatory in that definition. And style is a great deal more than a mere matter of phrase making, vocabulary, and word arrangement. Style is a convenient term for an author's individual approach to the subject about which he is writing and his entire handling of the subject. Technique and style are synonymous; add invention and imagination and you have the ingredients of the art of writing. But technique, no matter what the field, be it plumbing, surgery, cobbling, or painting, is not as it were a torch that can be passed from hand to hand; it cannot be transmitted in verbal formulas, or in a cabalistic phrase that will magically open the doors of the story market. And genius, it may be remarked, in passing, was once defined by an admitted genius, to be "an infinite capacity for taking pains." You may ask the shades of Katherine Mansfield or of O. Henry how they did it. Though they may facetiously, as does the pessimistic gentleman, answer "it's a gift," their own works will belie them and give the true answer . . . the result of untiring and constant endeavor.

A real genius is never quite satisfied with his or her work; he or she is always trying to perfect it. The earnest writer of short stories would better be called a "perspiring" than a merely "aspiring" writer. The latter is an altogether ambiguous participle, capable of including that dilettante writer who is convinced that he possesses, by Divine or innate gift, that intangible brilliance called "genius"; and who is fully persuaded that he has but to dash off what flows from his pen or into his typewriter, and it is art, which editors should hail and accept, remitting check; and who is convinced of a conspiracy of discrimination when the said editors

reject, without check. If there were a little more diligent preliminary pounding of typewriters before pounding on market doors, considerable of the young writers' difficulties would disappear.

And permit me to comment on the gentleman's "diversion" in the criticism of "realism." He seems to have an "objective disgust" himself which is very commendable in the few instances he cites, but would have been considerably more commendable had he mentioned far more serious offenders against literary good taste and decent morality, who have purveyed filth successfully. For instance, a former writer for a Hearst publication whose pet diversion is to portray perversion; the disgusting Theodore Dreiser, James Joyce, John Powys, and a host of smaller insignificant fry including Tiffany Thayer, Warner Fabian, and others of like kidney. These writers are decadents unto degeneracy, yet each has labored over his own technique, which is certainly not "quick-silvery."

Realism has its virtues. Realism can be sordid; it can actually be odorous; but because it is liable to decay and rot is no convincing argument against its proper use. Romanticism can be as putrid, and has been. By all means, discourage writers of putridity, of Freudian and further obscenity. But do not include all realists in the diatribes. Do not go to the extreme of denying the use of realism to aspiring writers, merely because other some have successfully commercialized its abuse. Realism can be employed for very noble purposes; the portrayal of inhuman living conditions in an east-side New York street on a humid day in August, for example, that the citizens may be made aware of needed civic improvements in such squalor. Nor should realism be confused with satire, a particularly effective technique for the purpose of pointing a salutary moral; such as the need for refinement in a restless jazz age, in which even ordinary suburban families keep their radios screaming through their meals; or the deprecation of such outmoded ballyhoo as is attendant on an Elks' parade down Main Street.

And one more point: if all the difficulties which are said to be indigenous to the modern short story actually exist, then they certainly exist in a much more magnified degree in the modern novel. There is the same obstetric and myopic realism in some novels; there is a much more limited market; difficulties of technique are more than quadrupled; plot complication, character delineation and multiplication of incident are many times more difficult, in that they must be sustained through much greater length; and, last of all, there also exist certain formulas for "popular" novels. So why, in heaven's name, does the gentleman forbid the aspiring writer the short story and urge him on to the novel?

So I say to the aspiring writer: If you are easily bruised in the ego, don't bother trying; you have to have enthusiasm and perseverance enough to take the first, the second, and the thirteenth rejection with a smile and keep on trying. For the brave: write; write short stories, write novels, and don't be afraid to work on formulas at first, don't be afraid to portray a balanced



realism with a true and optimistic philosophy, don't be disheartened by another's whining. There is a demand and a crying need for good writers. Don't be afraid to fish for pearls.

### REVIEWS

**Mary Baker Eddy: The Truth and the Tradition.** By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, PH.D., and JOHN V. DITTEMORE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.

This fully documented volume must be ranked with E. F. Dakin's biography as invaluable to all students to whom access to Milmine's suppressed "Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy," is denied. Thirty years ago Mr. Dittmore "became interested in Christian Science"; in 1908, he was made head of the Publication Committee in New York; and in 1909, eighteen months before Mrs. Eddy's death he was appointed a director of the Mother Church in Boston. He held this position for ten years, and for more than ten years was a trustee of Mrs. Eddy's estate. In 1907, he financed and published the official life of Mrs. Eddy, but a growing belief that the data supplied him by the church were "largely unreliable" led him to independent investigation, and to that task he has devoted the last twenty years. The results of his investigation have been woven into the present volume by Dr. Bates, an associate editor of the Dictionary of American Biography. Between them, the authors give a picture of an unloving and unlovable personage, a plagiarist on "a wholesale scale," an insatiable lover of money, a skilful organizer keenly alive to the value of advertising, but not equally sensitive to the requirements of truth and fair dealing. The picture will certainly be questioned, but for every line and shade the authors cite documentary evidence. It is impossible to study the evidence and deny Mrs. Eddy's debt to P. P. Quimby, although it is clear that she added to what she took from him, and is responsible for the organization which issued in the creation of her church. Before the overwhelming evidence furnished by the Frye diary, and numerous passages in the suppressed book by Adam H. Dickey, the feeble denial issued a few years ago by the Mother Church that Mrs. Eddy did not use drugs is swept away. The pain-racked old lady did use them for many years, and actually organized a "Board of Missionaries" to administer them to her. In this she was justified, and there is no clear evidence that she became an "addict"; the harm lay in denying the truth. From the nature of the subject, the volume is as unpleasant as a treatise on abnormal psychology.

P. L. B.

**The Problem of Crime.** By CLAYTON J. ETTINGER, M.D., PH.D. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$3.00.

Depression and other economic troubles have pushed the subject of crime into second place. For years crime was heading the list of literature as far as quantity of books written on the subject is concerned. Now man's mind has been turned to other problems; not that crime here in the United States has by any means decreased nor that we have despaired of ever solving the problem, but something more commonly vital to the interests of people at large has come to the fore. However, that the subject of crime has not altogether been dropped from the picture is evidenced by the volumes that now and then come off the press. One of the most recent books on the subject is Clayton J. Ettinger's "The Problem of Crime." This book is a complete, worthy, and well-constructed study of the problem, not the usual few pages of facts followed by chapter after chapter of remedies that could never be expected to be put into practice and which if attempted may or may not insure success. Moreover, Dr. Ettinger is here fully deserving of the title of historian as well as criminologist and sociologist for he takes the reader back to primitive times, portrays the conception of crime in those ages and follows the evolution of that conception down to modern times with the frequently recurring change of theories, manner of dealing with the

criminal, and the general effects of those theories upon the subject and the world at large. He views the situation not only from this historical or evolutionary aspect but from a scientific, sociological, and political viewpoint as well. For the student in criminology, such a volume as the "Problem of Crime" would suffice for all his needs in the study of such a subject. But one complaint might be made to the author and that in his concept of suicide. To put the shedding of blood for one's country's sake or for private reasons, on an equal plane with the accepting of death in defense of one's religious faith is quite to lose all perspective in the setting of values. Death accepted from human motives, no matter how noble, can never be classed with the giving of one's life for Divine motives and to speak of the latter as "social suicide" is to degrade and make profane one of the noblest and most sacred of sacrifices: that of accepting death rather than to prove false to one's Creator.

R. P. L.

**A History of Science.** By SIR WILLIAM DAMPIER. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

A revised edition of a work published while the author was W. C. D. Dampier-Whetham, this History already is well known. It is less an account of the several sciences than of the scientific mind in its efforts to solve the problems of nature and of human life. Yet ancient and medieval inquiry are slighted, thus minimizing our debt to Greek philosophers, Arabian philosophers, and pioneer churchmen; while the movements of nineteenth-century biology are crowded into forty inadequate pages. Inevitably, they fail to show the determining power which that biology exercised over the once-popular materialism, or its responsibility for the uncertain morality and very obvious despair which dominate much present-day writing. Perhaps the key to this lies in Sir William's conviction that crude materialism has failed. The uniformity of nature has become an abstraction; mechanical explanations of the universe have degenerated into descriptions; strict causality has failed in the minute world of the atom. In the complex universe of modern physics and chemistry, few cherish the opinion that science can explain all things, while scientists themselves are abandoning ultimate truth for hypotheses which conveniently approach it. All this Sir William frankly admits: "Now or later, intelligible mechanism will fail, and we shall be left face to face with the awful mystery which is reality." What a change from the materialism of Haeckel!

C. L. F.

**Remakers of Mankind.** By CARLETON WASHBURNE. New York: John Day Company. \$3.00.

Hoping to make a synthesis of present educational ideas and objectives, Carleton Washburne subjected leaders in that field in various countries to a questionnaire. The non-nationalistic questions concerned the aims of adapting children to existing society, or forming a new social order through the schools, or developing each child individualistically; also the possibility of the teacher's influencing his charges, and mental hygiene. The other questions dealt with the primacy of country or personal consciences, the objectivity of history in relation to national consciousness, the free discussion of current events, and internationalism versus nationalism. Beginning with these questions and the idea of man's sudden awakening to the formative effect of education and the groping state of that education today, Dr. Washburne visited Japan, China, India, Iraq, Egypt, Turkey, Russia, Poland, Germany, France, England, and has a final chapter on America. In "Resultant" he gathers the harvest, and finds, as does the reader, that there is contradiction between the views held in various countries. His book is a contribution towards clearing up the present confusion, at least by revealing it. Most of the book, from the nature of the thing, is very general, and, of necessity, incomplete. Dr. Washburne is oblivious of the vast amount of Catholic education in the world, and sees only the State schools' side all through. However, he has collected a considerable body of data, which should make fairly interesting reading for the

professional educationalist. In the concluding chapter, Dr. Washburne advocates thinking and the via media, and emphasizes our growing interdependence. The book would have been improved with some Catholic philosophy behind it. J. F. E.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Things Russian.**—Literature continues to pour forth concerning Russia, oscillating between the cautious and studiously factual, and the impressionistic, for good or for evil. The Five Year Plan continues to be the center of interest. William Henry Chamberlain, former correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, copiously, with cautious impartiality, answers questions as to its history and scope, in "The Soviet Planned Economic Order" (World Peace Foundation. \$2.50). Presenting consistently the official, naturally hopeful, view of the Plan, from the standpoint of 1930, before Stalin's series of concessions to peasant individualism had begun, the author allows us the liberty to read between the lines, and believes no final judgment can be made as to the future. Seventy-eight pages of documents add greatly to the practical value of the book.

Nor does Isaac Don Levine, correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*, attempt any more than Mr. Chamberlain to predict the future. In his more journalistic treatise, entitled "Red Smoke" (McBride. \$2.00), he undertakes to prove that the natural resources, as well as the human potentialities, of the Soviet Union have been vastly exaggerated. Fuel and mineral wealth, timber, grain and other crops, transportation and labor supply, are all considered, and some valuable lessons of geography read. Only Mr. Levine, as is his wont, clucks rather insistently over his new-laid discovery; and is not so convincing in his utter discounting of the Russian muzhik's ability to learn to operate modern machinery. Chamberlain's book makes plainer than Levine's the difference between the two Five-Year-Plan projects, that of 1926 and that of 1927-28.

If you want an exhaustive and very official account of just what the Soviet worker is planned to be, you will find full information furnished, with ample documents, statistics, references, and schedules, laws, regulations, and economic background, by Joseph Freeman, in his book "The Soviet Worker" (Liveright. \$2.50). Anything like personal impression or observation is rigorously excluded. Official explanations are presented of the events which move the curiosity of the outside world, such as that of the excessive labor turnover. But with its point of view clearly understood, "The Soviet Worker," which likewise has a documentary appendix, will be found of service.

On the pier of Nizhni Novgorod Waldo Frank "tasted the substance of a people." "Slowly, sweetly, fertile," he remarks, "we swung in the equipoise of life . . . together. And I knew in that moment the essential health of what was happening in Russia. A fresh spirit was born, and was whole." Waldo Frank, detached from his subject of study, can keenly analyze elusive social interplays, as his descriptions of South America prove. When carried away by his subject, as in Russia, he produces plenty of the above style of rhapsody. However, his vivid pictures in "Dawn in Russia" (Scribner's. \$2.25) help to explain the hold that the Soviet paradise has on certain types of mind; even though one feels that Mr. Frank has dramatized the Russian scene as a symbol of his own disgust with the world and longing for the ideal, rather than that he has actually unearthed thrills that no scene of American, German, or French youth could possibly have called forth.

**Religious Foundations.**—In a small, attractive volume, "The Paulists" (Macmillan. \$1.00), Father Gillis tells the history and purpose of the Congregation of which he is so illustrious a member. No one is better fitted than he to tell this story. It makes most interesting reading in its vivid portrayal of Father Hecker's religious experiences and the spirit animating the work of himself and his companions. The last chapter, "Making America Catho-

lic," is mighty good apologetic writing. Anything from the pen of Father Gillis will be sure of a warm welcome, and in this little treatise he is particularly inspiring.

In "The Franciscans" (Kenedy. \$1.75) by Alexandre Masseron, and translated by Warre B. Wells, we have a wholly delightful book. Its 233 pages are packed full of interesting facts and information about St. Francis and his followers. Part I contains an "Historical Sketch" of 90 pages. Part II comprises seven delightful chapters on Franciscan Life: "Among the Franciscans," "Franciscan Recruiting," "Novitiate and Study," "In the Cloister," "Outside the Cloister," "Organization and Hierarchy," "The Franciscan Spirit." A really valuable volume, not only for Religious and for members of the Third Order, but for all lovers of the gentle St. Francis—and these are legion.

**Juvenile Fiction.**—Who has heard of Roderick, Pelayo, Del Carpio, Fernán González or the Seven Lords of Lara? Not many of us. They were great Spanish heroes of the eight, ninth, and tenth century, when the Moors overran the Spanish Peninsula. The historical and legendary exploits of these Christian knights are told in "When Spain was Young" by Frank Callcott (McBride. \$2.50). Dr. Callcott is an authority on the life and customs of early Spain and his new book will afford an excellent background for any one wishing to understand the history, literature, and art of modern Spain.

Ralph Henry Barbour's "Hero of the Camp" (Appleton. \$2.00) tells of chums who join a camp in the Maine woods as Junior Counsellors. They organize different camp activities. Then "Endie" arrives and he has the knack of bringing in his wake mysterious happenings. It is not the best of Mr. Barbour's fifty-odd books, but it stands well up on his list.

"Wild Cat Ridge" (Appleton. \$2.00) takes its readers to the Tennessee uplands. Its authors are Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton Chapman, collaborating under the name "Maristan Chapman." In this outdoor story, three chums start for the uplands district, camping by the way, to look for a store of valuable silver. Dangerous characters are about and the boys run into plenty of danger and excitement. This tale has the thrill of outdoor adventure.

Alfred F. Loomis spins a yarn of transatlantic racing in "Tracks Across the Sea" (Appleton. \$2.00). The "Seacat" is taking part in a race to England; there is a most exciting finish in which the "Seacat" comes towards the line, neck and neck with its nearest rival. Mr. Loomis has himself participated in transatlantic yacht racing so he writes authoritatively, and his readers will have increased their knowledge of boats and sailing when they regretfully close his book.

"Larry" (John Day. \$1.25) is an autobiography made up from letters and diaries of a young Lafayette collegian who prematurely was killed during the summer of his sophomore year out in Arizona. A sub-title, "Thoughts of Youth," suggests the scope of the volume. Larimore Foster is a wholesome breezy character, industrious, ambitious, and with many school activities, a not uncommon American college type. Not all readers will approve some of his philosophizing, though in general it is immensely saner than much which comes today from more mature minds.

**Books Received.**—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

APPRECIATION. William Lyon Phelps. \$1.00. Dutton.  
ATLAS OF MEDIEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY. William R. Shepherd. \$3.00. Holt.  
CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD. Clarence Milligan. \$1.75. Dorrance.  
CREATIVE WRITING OF VERSE. H. Augustus Miller, Jr. American Book Company.  
DIVINE SAVIOR. THE. Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. \$1.00. Bensiger.  
GERMANY. Jethro Bithell. \$4.00. Dial.  
GIST OF EVOLUTION. THE. Horatio Hackett Newman. \$1.50. Macmillan.  
GLORY OF THE HABSBURG. THE. Princess Fugger. \$5.00. Dial.  
GOD AND THE DEPRESSION. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. 10 cents. Queen's Work.  
HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND THE MODERN DRAMA. Richard A. Cordell. \$2.50. Long and Smith.  
HOMEMAKING, HOME FURNISHING AND INFORMATION SERVICES. Edited by John M. Gries and James Ford. \$1.15. President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership.  
LITURGICAL PRAYERS AND SERVICES. \$2.00. Wagner.



### The Conjure-Man Dies. Christopher Strong. Murder in the Basement. The Strange River.

Dr. Rudolph Fisher has given us a well-told, interesting story in "The Conjure-Man Dies" (Covici-Friede. \$2.00). The entire cast of characters is composed of Negroes and the entire milieu is Harlem. Dr. Fisher knows his material well and has woven some good psychological threads into his cloth. From the opening until almost the last chapter the suspense is legitimately sustained. Humor, scientific facts, and even pathos are correctly blended to make a balanced tone. There is only one fault to find with this otherwise splendid mystery tale—the ending is a bit tricky. The story is so realistically told that it seems a shame to introduce the disguise at the last moment. Frimbo should have found another villain.

Advertised as a dramatic romance, "Christopher Strong" (Dutton \$2.50), by Gilbert Frankau, is a very readable piece of magazine fiction. It is a sentimental saga of one Christopher Strong, a wealthy grocer and politician, who in his early forties broke the hard shell of his married middle-class respectability to fall in love with Lady Felicity Darrington. Lady Felicity is type one in the files of British Novel Manufactory, Ltd. She is young, beautiful, adventurous, loving, and patriotic. She would die for king and country on any page the author selects. She gives all in love. She kindles and inflames. She wins automobile races and pilots speed boats. She is ten film actresses, a martyr of love, a national ideal composite in one person. She is the daughter of a thousand peers. All of which does not save "Christopher Strong" from inglorious banality. Lady Felicity comes into the book and leaves it by convenient accidents. There is a plethora of activity for its own sake, riding, driving, swimming, sailing. And, of course, several fillets of salacity to keep sales up. The business sections of the story are interestingly done, with lateral trusts and shades of Ivar Kreuger touching off the more romantic parts of the story.

In "Murder in the Basement" (Crime Club. \$2.00), Anthony Berkeley has given us an interesting story. A nude female corpse is found in a basement of an unoccupied villa. Strangely, the body has on a pair of gloves. The murder has been committed some time before the body is found and the features are so disfigured that identification is difficult. Inspector Moresby must trace the girl. Roger Sheringham comes to the assistance of the well-known sleuth, turns the psychology of a fashionable boys' school inside out by means of his amusing but unfinished novel, and in the end is of great service to the Inspector. Most of Mr. Berkeley's stories are well-written and amusing and this is no exception. And there is enough of creepy thrills and intricate clues to entertain the "mystery" fan.

"The Strange River" (Harper. \$2.50), by Julian Green, might better have been called "The Strange Story," because the river is the Seine in Paris, and it is very strange that anyone should devote 290 pages to the telling of this story. In one incident, the man enters a cheap cinema theater, where the picture "developed with incredible slowness." This is certainly true of the descriptions of how he crossed the street, how the wind blew, how he looked at himself in the mirror, etc. The jacket proclaims this book as "a powerful and compelling story of the inward lives of terrifying human people"; but the man and his wife and her sister, who make up these terrifying people, are of the kind that few of us have ever been obliged to meet in real life. He is a rich man, who marries a poor girl at the instigation of her sister, and the latter lives with the couple. The man is a fop and a cad, and bores his wife who is constantly unfaithful to him. The sister recognizes the inherent weaknesses of the cowardly husband, but is madly in love with him. Once she leaves the house for a week, and while away, writes a letter to him in which she expresses plainly what she thought of him; yet goes back, and life is resumed as if he had not received it. If one wishes to feel morbid or mournful, one might choose this book, but not if looking for entertainment or pleasure.

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### Birth Control in Puerto Rico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On September 26, the eve of the San Ciprian cyclone in Puerto Rico, the New York Times published an article stating that the Honorable James R. Beverley, Governor of Puerto Rico, in his first annual Report to the Secretary of War urged the practice of birth control by the people of the Island as a means of reducing the population. The story caused a tremendous sensation throughout the American press. Comments appeared in the *Literary Digest*; the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Catholic News*, the *Brooklyn Tablet*, and the religious press, both Catholic and Protestant, carried scathing denunciations of Governor Beverley for his having brought the question of birth control into his Annual Report.

The Times article which caused all the furore was written by the duly accredited correspondent in Puerto Rico of that paper. It appears that when the Governor's report was in the course of preparation the correspondent called at Government House and saw one of the original drafts of the Report in which there was a reference to birth control as a possible remedy for the rapidly increasing population of the Island. However, when the Report was in its printed form this paragraph was not incorporated.

From this it is evident that the Governor does not "urge birth control" in his annual Report, and he should be exonerated from having done so. It is quite a relief to Governor Beverley's many friends to know that he has not made such an error. Heretofore his judgment has been sound; he is probably the only Governor since the American Occupation of Puerto Rico that has had any real training in Puerto Rico for his present job; his methods are very dissimilar to those of his predecessors.

During his many years as Assistant to the Attorney General, and as Attorney General of Puerto Rico, he demonstrated his fine fitness for real responsibility. Although Governor Beverley has only served some nine months as Governor, it is generally conceded that he is by far more satisfactory than any of his predecessors during the American regime.

Notwithstanding the tremendous propaganda for birth control that is being carried on in the United States and in Puerto Rico, it is questionable if it will ever make any great progress even in the States where the population is largely Protestant. To urge birth control upon the population of Puerto Rico which is largely Catholic would be sure to result in family turmoil and possibly in great tragedy. Knowing Puerto Rico as he does, Governor Beverley could not urge such a practice.

San Juan, P. R.

WILLIAM J. BARR.

### Let's Protest about Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Since your enlightening editorials in AMERICA on the Mexican persecution I have seen or heard little comment on that subject, and none at all that goes to the root of our American delinquency so surely as the brief letter by Rev. John J. O'Connor, S.J., in your issue of October 22.

Father O'Connor "wonders if there is a conspiracy of silence on the part of American Catholics during the plight of their Catholic neighbors." I think the fair answer to that question is: Yes. It may not be a very conscious conspiracy. For conspiracy presupposes group thought and plan, and there is small evidence of thinking or planning among the members of that class which is in position to render the greatest aid in this crisis. That class is our Catholic laity.

The persecution in Mexico is a challenge first and last to

Catholic laymen. It is not pursued by any religious sect, except to the slight extent that it is encouraged or promoted by a few evangelical clergy, chiefly American. It is perpetrated by lay fanatics in the Mexican Government, and, as Father O'Connor indicated, it was rendered possible in the first instance by the amazing ineptitude of ill-informed leaders in our own Government.

We shrink from criticism of the dead, but this sentiment should not deter us from reviewing the acts of public characters when necessary. The story is too long to relate here, but one version of evil influences in this country may be found in Samuel Gompers' autobiography, "Seventy Years of Life and Labor," in which he purports to describe the powerful aid rendered by himself and President Wilson to establish the radical Government of Mexico. Mr. Wilson was not misled by Gompers alone. He had sent John Lind to Mexico, a man to whom he officially referred in 1913 as "my personal spokesman and representative." The writer was acquainted with Governor Lind, and shudders to think what misinformation and erroneous conclusions the President must have gleaned from the confidential report of a "representative" with so restricted an education and with a total lack of experience among non-Scandinavian peoples.

The group best able to discourage a repetition of our Government's secret, and perhaps unwitting, aid to the enemies of religion in Mexico are our laity, simply because they command the largest bloc of votes. Again in the words of Father O'Connor, "Why not show the world Catholic Action in the form of protest meetings and articles of protest in our newspapers and magazines?" There is nothing like an orderly mass meeting to impress the public, the press, and the home government. Nothing like it to demonstrate to the Mexican radicals that they no longer can be aided and abetted by friends in high places at Washington. Nothing like it to fix and keep the eyes of the world on the Mexican persecution.

Church discipline here is better than in some other countries. Catholic lay leaders would not be so rash as to undertake this Catholic Action without approval of the pulpit. To proceed on their own initiative would lose them the cooperation of the rank and file of Catholic laymen. But with proper credentials they could instruct and enthuse the entire Catholic body in a series of meetings that would enlighten all Americans and arrest the attention of other nations. Let me respectfully suggest that Father O'Connor show us the way to enlist the active interest of the Hierarchy to inaugurate this very necessary lay movement. There are other grave problems that can be solved by Catholic Action and by that alone. But only the clergy can press the button to start the lay machine. We should realize especially that in this country it is not a self-starter.

New York.

GREGORY ORMONDE.

[A new type of mass meeting will be held—on the air—by Station WLWL, directed by the Paulist Fathers, on Thursday evening, November 17, from 8-9 p.m. E.S.T. Possibly it may show the way to other demonstrations.—Ed. AMERICA.]

### Catholic Letters Are Reviving

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The revival of interest in Catholic art!—this growing interest is one of such great importance and promise today, that any intelligent article on the subject gives much pleasure to me and all lovers of true art. Hence, I feel bound to thank both AMERICA and Mr. Theodore Maynard for "Catholicism Inspires Art" (in the issue of AMERICA for October 22), unquestionably an intelligent and able article on this subject. Mr. Maynard's treatment of Catholicism in its relations to art and his choice of examples are both highly commendable. In fact the entire article is so well worked out that almost every paragraph contains the germs of a complete paper. Could Mr. Maynard be induced to favor AMERICA's readers with further and deeper developments of this necessarily sketchy article?

Especially appropriate and significant were Mr. Maynard's examples of modern Catholic literature, both poetry and prose. I

only regret that he did not emphasize the present Catholic Literary Renaissance as such. I cannot picture any Catholic reader of literature viewing a list of the active members of the Catholic Poetry Society of England, not to mention its kindred society in America and the brilliant Catholic literary group in France, without a feeling of high exultation and truly legitimate pride. However, despite the efforts of AMERICA and other publications, these literary groups are not sufficiently known to arouse the feelings I mention in many American readers. I sincerely hope that Mr. Maynard and other AMERICA writers will continue their work towards this necessary enlightenment and that your readers will also do their part.

St. Louis.

NORMAN T. WEYAND, S.J.

### Catholics and Holy Days

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The charge used to be brought against the Catholic civilization of the Middle Ages that in those benighted days men were made lazy and progress was held up by the observance of too many holidays. Today we hail as a sign of progress the five-day week and two enforced days of cessation from work. With public opinion coming around to this view, and even more days of rest a week, an opportunity presents itself to Catholics to urge the social values and recognition of their holy days—reduced considerably in the United States from the Middle Ages, it is true. But this could easily be remedied to suit the modern situation.

Catholics know well what was in the mind of the Church in establishing holy days. The obligation of the public corporate worship of God bears on all Catholics alike, not only on those who celebrate the Divine Office daily in monastic chapels. While attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on holy days has been made obligatory, it was never the intention of the Church to consider this as the sole function to be performed by the laity on such days, nor indeed as the sole manner of fulfilling the obligation of the public acknowledgment of the Omnipotent God, nor as little the sole satisfaction of the personal obligation to render to God that which is his due. These days were set aside so that the individual, freed from the pressing demands of his daily toil, would have time to recollect himself, to think of God, to perform various works of piety, charity, and zeal in his honor. Too long have the demands of an industrialized society taken from the vast majority of men the leisure for this, until some Catholics have actually come to hold that a hurried attendance with one eye on the time at an early Mass or a distracted assistance in the vestibule of some downtown church at a noonday Mass is a satisfactory acknowledgment of the nature of a holy day.

In New York City an opening wedge has been introduced through the action of the Jews in rather generally observing their holy days. The City Board of Education in the Fall of 1930 passed a by-law excusing absences of teachers for any five religious holy days during the year, provided due notice is given ahead to the school so that the services of a substitute may be secured for the class and with the loss in pay of the amount of this substitute's salary. Previously a teacher, if he so desired, could be absent on a holy day, but the absence was not excused and a full day's pay was deducted.

We have a Catholic Teachers' Association in the Borough of Manhattan and another one in the Borough of Brooklyn. Why do not these organizations work to have their members show their appreciation of this action of the Board of Education by 100-percent observance? If there are cases where the Catholic teacher cannot possibly afford the loss of pay, a fund could be arranged by the Association to take care of this difficulty. If we had such an observance, perhaps it would encourage employers of clerical and factory employes to imitate the enlightened policy of the Board of Education, and these employes could also have their days off to consider the claims of God.

It is surprising what fine results can come from a little courageous and vigorous action.

New York.

A. B. C.